TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 5, No. 44 | The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors. Office—9 Adelaide Street West. | TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 24, 1892. | TERMS: Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), $2. | Whole No. 252

Around Town.

The reception tendered Mr. Blake and the ill-mannered demonstration held on the following evening in the Auditorium are, of course, the events of the week. The latter meeting was originally conceived by men who appear to have no particular mission on earth, except to keep an insanely distrustful eye upon the Roman Catholics, so that whenever the Dogans are discovered to be making a noise they can squeeze their little bellows and raise some sort of a Protestant counter-blast. This may be the highest use to which our superior variety of Christianity can be put, but it really does not look like it when viewed dispassionately.

***

The Pavilion meeting was nothing more nor less than a welcome home to a distinguished countryman who had won honors abroad. It was so distinctly this that it was not known for a time whether the details of that welcome would be superintended by the Young Liberals of Toronto or by the Hibernian lodges of the city. A good, rousing welcome home to a gifted Canadian who had traversed the ocean and written his name and colonial address across the face of British politics, this was the heart-thought of the whole thing. It is therefore that I call the Auditorium meeting an ill-mannered demonstration, for it was designed to qualify that welcome and to belittle the performance of the man.

***

Precious little influence either meeting will have upon the course of events in Great Britain, and considerable is the vanity of those memorialists who buttressed the tottering Empire on Tuesday evening with their hollow, tinkling resolutions. When Home Rule was more of an open question than it is now, an Imperial intimation reached Ottawa that Canada might find employment attending to her own business, and now that the people of the British Isles have studied and recorded a verdict on the proposal, it is scarcely likely that they will value our opinion as superior to their own. Mr. Blake in the House of Commons as member for Longford is of more importance to the movement than the five million others of us who stay at home and "holler." Viewed as a peril to the British Empire, Bryan Lynch can scarcely be pronounced terrifying. The most menacing demonstration that he and his friends could make would not prevent the screeching placards issued by William Bell from being ridiculous and maudlin. The uniformed corps of Orangemen are equipped with axes, and it has occurred to me that the choice of accoutrement may not be motiveless. At all events, the procession of men with little axes who rush to the Orange grindstone whenever Mr. Bell starts to whistle and turn the handle, is so large that the symbol acquires a singular appropriateness. Sincere men took a hand in Tuesday's meeting, but sincere men will always be turned to account by the self-seeking.

***

Those who cheered the Cork man's sarcastic statement that "we in Ireland do not know what is good for us, forsooth, we require a man from Canada to come over and tell us," evidently did not notice that the sarcasm struck them as hard as it did Mr. Blake. Were they not also Canadians—were they not also by means of certain resolutions telling the people of Ireland what would be good for them? Worse and worse, were they not sending word to Ireland that the two-thirds majority of Irishmen were wrong, whereas Mr. Blake went over to reason the matter with the one-third minority? The Cork man was certainly very severe upon those who thoughtlessly applauded him, and the latter were not unlike the twelfth man in the jury who called the other eleven pig headed for disagreeing with him. When the man from Cork had made his cutting allusions to those outsiders who presumed to prescribe what would be good for Ireland, he was succeeded by the man from Coleraine, who forthwith declared that the Irish had often shown that they were unfit for self-government. If that be true, Mr. Blake's presence in Ireland is justified. A man of his parts can surely be turned to some account in that baleful of incapables; and since they must be governed by brains from without, his right to contribute some is as good as another's. Is there anything wrong with this reasoning?

***

If Mr. Gladstone has not outlined the form of Home Rule which he intends to bestow upon Ireland, at least Mr. Blake has outlined the form of it which he is contending for. He asks for a Local Legislature within the Union, and to that length the good wishes of nearly every Canadian accompany him. I have never bothered my head much about Home Rule, nor has the average Canadian, but it would be hard to convince me that there is anything alarming in such a measure as Mr. Blake outlines. He has been as explicit in Longford and in London as he has been in the Pavilion. He intends no ultimate villainy, yet his moderate statements of what is wanted suited his Irish audiences. This should be reassuring, and would be, only an organized body is under obligations to regard the Pope of Rome as occupying an opaque relation to Irish politics. To those of us who care mighty little about the subject, preferring to worry over things nearer our own hearths, there seems no great danger in a scheme which in the course of logical growth will one day give Scotland, England and Wales local chambers similar to the one now asked for Ireland. Douglas Armour and other speakers on Tuesday evening who referred to Home Rule as a Romish enterprise, must surely forget that the volunteer movement of one hundred and twenty years ago was purely Presbyterian, and that the rebellion of '98 was born in Ulster. Wolfe Tone, Rev. William Jackson, William Orr and many others who were hanged or escaped the gallows by committing suicide in prison at that time, were Protestants. John Mitchell, one among other Protestants banished to Van Dieman's Land in '47, was the son of a Presbyterian minister who himself preached and prayed for the rebel cause in '98. Parnell, too, was a Protestant, so Edward Blake is not singular. If you would pick out the twenty-five most prominent men who have been executed or transported for life since the famous rebellion because of opposition to the kind of British rule applied to Ireland, you would find that more than half of them were well educated Protestants, while the remainder were college-bred Roman Catholics of the wealthy middle class, able to analyze the condition of the people and to detect the causes of discontent. If Home Rule is a Romish cause it has been singularly well aided by Protestant blood and intelligence.

***

The supposed arrangement arrived at by the Cabinet last Saturday, whereby Sir John Thompson will become Premier and W. R. Meredith will succeed him as Minister of Justice, in case Sir John Abbott's health remains poor, has not much the matter with it. Thompson stands out in distinct relief from his colleagues as the one among them capable of leadership. He is actually leader now, owing to the Premier's illness and to the fact that, anyhow, Abbott is in the wrong chamber. Thompson's difficulty is that he is particularly nauseous to the Methodists—a religious denomination by whose teachings I find it is sinful to harbor hate even against one's enemy—and it is by way of compromise that Mr. Meredith is named for the portfolio of Justice. The latter carries scars received in crusades against the French language and Separate Schools in Ontario, and these wounds are expected to speak peace to the resentful Methodists when Sir John mounts the exalted dais. I expect that Protestants will not find it necessary to oust Thompson for religious reasons, but that on the other hand they will find that the Church will follow for friendship's sake where heretofore it had a price. On the other hand, I know that the French Catholics will discover W. R. Meredith to be less of an ogre and a bigot than Archbishop Cleary and the Quebec press have described him. They will find in him a most affable and accomplished gentleman of broad liberality—a defensive power, not an aggressive one. Should Premier Abbott's health force him to retire, the proposed arrangement seems the most promising of any that could be devised.

MACK.

NEW YORK, Sept. 21, 1892.

Of late my existence has been so migratory that travel has become positively hateful. Wandering about, to be pleasant to anybody even as a change, must be surrounded by pleasant conditions. Such conditions are absent in either a business or pleasure trip undertaken at present through the United States of America. To an outsider American politics are not of any thrilling interest, and if the visitor is fed on it morning, noon and night he becomes weary of hearing states reckoned up as to how they will go and factions weighed as to how they may act. However, I think I never heard less politics during a presidential year than during my trips of 1892. Corbett and the cholera seem to have supplanted the tariff and the war. All I know of the prize fight is the result, not of reading, but of hearing all about it at breakfast, dinner and supper ever since I crossed the river. I think I am now quite an authority on just what was done in all the rounds, and can give a reasonably expert opinion on what would have happened if things had been different. It does not take much to interest the great majority of people so long as the topic offered them is not worth discussing.

***

I have heard bets made on Grover Cleveland's weight and been entertained by a discussion as to the color of his wife's eyes and how old Baby Ruth is. Once in a while, but very seldom, he is spoken of as an honest, incorruptible man who made a good president. Some disgruntled Democrats call him a "stuffed idol;" others sneer at him as the "fat prophet." I really do not believe that the people of the United States are as deeply interested this year as in previous presidential years. Party bitterness is dying out, for it is now many years since the war and there is really no reasonable suspicion of the loyalty of either party—to themselves. I imagine that outside of that great mass of people who believe in Grover Cleveland as a strong-minded, honest and able man, there is no suspicion that any politician or section of politicians cares what is known in this country as a "cuss," for anything but office. Perhaps the lack of interest is partially caused by a belief that Harrison, too, is reasonably honest and sufficiently capable to fill the office for another term. No matter how it goes, it is felt that the country will be as well managed as usual.

***

Of course one discovers special features in the campaign. The great body of Republicans care nothing specially for Harrison. He is a small variety incapable of exciting enthusiasm, but quite "handy in keeping his fences up," as they call it when a man does not forget to look after his personal interests as regards his party. The common people—by this I mean those who are not professional politicians—have more belief in the honesty and patriotism of Grover Cleveland than they have had in the honesty and patriotism of any man since Abraham Lincoln, and to day, I am sure, there are millions more who think Cleveland the best man for the presidency than thought it of Abraham Lincoln until after he was shot. It must not be forgotten that Grover Cleveland polled a big popular majority, and had the election been by popular vote instead of by the electoral college he would have been far ahead of his adversary. Everything indicates that this is an "off year," a term generally applied to the years when there is not a presidential election and meaning that there is no great political excitement. Cleveland will reap the greater advantage from this, for while in cities and towns there is but slight interest the farmers mean business and are organizing a general assault upon a high tariff. The Homestead riots and many other evils which are perhaps indirectly chargeable to the monopolistic spirit created by years of war-taxation, are tending to make the masses dissatisfied with the present condition of affairs. The use of the militia in settling strikes has caused the working classes to better understand the meaning of the "Force bill" to which President Harrison has committed himself, and which, if it became law, would give undue power to the central authorities to settle election disputes in their own favor. The citizen soldiery are tired of being made the implements of greedy corporations, and thoughtful people are wondering if there are to be more regular troops, more conflicts between the people and that which the people have made—the Power—or whether old-fashioned Democracy is to have another chance to simplify matters, decrease the cost of government and the cost of living, while reducing the power of corporations, monopolists and Federal officers.

***

Of course there is much demagoguery in these agitations, yet there is much justice in the complaints. Low prices, general dissatisfaction and frequent disturbances are also working in favor of Cleveland. But I think the strongest factor in his favor is that the people love him for the enemies he has made. The professional politicians of the United States have during the past four years shown themselves to be cormorants determined to have everything. The great mass of the Republicans feel that Harrison did not resist the tricksters and office seekers as Cleveland did, nor do they credit him with following any high principle when he did oppose the raids of Republican heelers. In Indiana, his own state, there is a big Republican faction, and a rather high-class faction, that hates Harrison and is working night and day to defeat him. From all I can learn I believe they are likely to succeed in turning the state over to the Democrats. No doubt the leaders are sore-heads, but they have obtained a large following of patriotic people who do not believe that Harrison is as strong or as straight a man as Cleveland. I may be wrong, at best I may be offering but a superficial opinion, but I believe that Tammany's fight against Cleveland in New York state has made him more friends than anything else. Ex-Governor Hill made his fight on Cleveland because when president he would not permit Tammany to pass the offices around amongst the heelers as if they were the spoils of war. Tammany fought Cleveland until they saw that the people believed in him and that their own power was being imperiled by opposing him. The best people in the Democratic party as well as the entire Republican party suspect Tammany, rightfully enough, of being corrupt and believe that their methods are a menace to republican institutions. The great spirit of the people of the United States is in favor of pure government and of strong and good men, and I believe that the individual impulses for good will unite in a wave strong enough to elect Grover Cleveland and demonstrate that the people are superior to the methods of their politicians. Even New York is likely to declare for Cleveland; the Tammanyites from a sense of self-preservation will try to elect him; the ambitions of Hill and Sheehan and Croaker—the Tammany chief—and of all the minor workers who will be hungry if Cleveland is defeated, are sufficient to insure their support.

***

Another thing in Cleveland's favor is the dignity of his personality. It is true that to people near him he is not attractive, but he never fails to speak out when an important question is being discussed, such, for instance, as the Silver Bill. His utterance on that question many months ago, when the whole West was in favor of unlimited coinage, was denounced by the Democracy as his political suicide, but his letter killed the Silver Bill and convinced the people that he was honest and that every influence he could bring to bear, either in public office or in private life, would be used to further the public good rather than his personal ambitions. Since it has become known that no man by writing a letter ever before won so many friends, his enemies have said that it was but another evidence of his strategic ability and of his hypocrisy. The people think differently and they admire the man whose motto has been that "Public office is a sacred trust."

***

It will be strange indeed if the man in whom the masses, irrespective of party, most believe, the man whom corrupt politicians of both parties most bitterly hate, is defeated in a year when there is no intense excitement, in a year when the quiet and unbiased opinion of the elector is apt to be recorded. If the verdict be against Cleveland I shall believe that the people of the United States are less impressionable, less quick to respond to what is good for the commonwealth than they have always been thought to be.

***

By the way, as I am talking about elections, the Conservative party would be in rather a queer box if, as I hear is not unlikely, the Liberals were to take up with the policy of Free Trade with Free Trade Countries. The cry which has been worked, and properly worked, against them of a disregard for British interests and too strong an attachment to our republican neighbors, would be forever quieted by such a move. The policy would be extremely popular with the farmers, and I do not see just how the Conservative party could successfully resist it. It is a question worth studying.

***

The canal policy of which I wrote some months ago—which included Free Trade with Great Britain—has evidently been long looked forward to by the Canadian Government, which now it is to be hoped proposes vigorous action, looking towards the bringing of ocean vessels into our lakes and freedom from United States interference. I hope, furthermore, they will not be forestalled in a proper adjustment of the tariff, by the Liberal party, for in the sincerity and patriotic intentions of the latter I have no great confidence. However, there is no doubt that the presidential election in the United States may have much to do with the next important move in Canadian affairs.

***

I think the policies of the two political parties in Canada are well exemplified by the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk railways. One is progressive and shows a belief in Canada, Canadians and Canadian institutions; the other is conducted in the belief that

DEATH OF PROCIS. *Mrs. E. Normand.*

Canadians are a mean-spirited race, that anything is good enough for them and that Canada is a mere appendage of the United States and an investment place for rash Englishmen. The success of the Canadian Pacific proves that its generous view is the proper one; the comparative failure of the Grand Trunk and the entire failure of the political party with which it has allied itself, prove conclusively that the mean idea is resented by every public-spirited Canadian. I recently had a good example of the way the Grand Trunk does business. I was in Windsor and desired to come to Toronto. I was told there was a train leaving there at 7 40 in the evening. I went down to the Grand Trunk station and bought my ticket. On a cond thought I went back and asked the agent, who had volunteered no information, what time I should arrive home, and found that I should be over twelve hours on the road, the train not making connection at Hamilton. My first impulse was to get my money back and go by the C. P. R. at one o'clock in the morning, but I was induced to keep my ticket and leave by the Grand Trunk at the same hour—one a.m. After I got on the train I found there was no through sleeping-car—another piece of petty concealment on the part of the agent, which if it is a portion of the policy of the road deserves general condemnation. I admit that I did not question the agent as to whether there would be a through sleeper; that sort of information is volunteered, as a rule, by those who have the slightest regard for the comfort of the passenger. The conductor told me that if I wanted a through sleeper I should have gone over to Detroit and taken it there, as there was but one and it went by the tunnel. The sleeper that crossed the river goes to Hamilton and the Bridge. In this way Windsor is side-tracked, and so is Toronto. Nothing it too good for through traffic, for the American passenger; nothing is too mean and uncomfortable for the Canadian passenger. When the conductor and brakeman came through, jointly examining—and jointly looking silly as they did it—the tickets of the passengers for fear that someone might steal the coach, I asked why Toronto people were treated in this way and was told that only about one Canadian in a hundred would take a sleeping-car anyhow. This is exactly what the Grand Trunk thinks of Canadians and they treat us in accordance with their low estimate as to what we know and what we are willing to pay for, and yet they are surprised that the Canadian Pacific has taken business away from them and that their earnings and their stocks are shrinking day by day. Of course I know that the conductor and brakeman are not responsible for the G. T. R. policy, yet when the heated passenger asks for information he should not be told that he is already occupying more than his share of room, with an implied threat to make him sit in the corner if he has anything more to say. In Toronto, where we have such a popular official at the head of passenger affairs as Mr. Slatter, we do not meet the lower grade of Grand Trunk manners, but journey away from competing points such as this, and from the occasional and more or less accidental presence of gentlemen in charge of the G. T. R. business, and you see what the real policy of the road is and the success of the Canadian Pacific Railway is no longer to be wondered at. DON.

Social and Personal.

A more perfect day could not have been secured from the Meteorological department than last Wednesday, when Mr. and Mrs. Cosby, ever hospitable, threw open their house for the entertainment of the delegates attending the Reform Alliance, and invited all their friends and acquaintances to meet them. The arrangements for the *fête*, perfect as they were, were taxed to the uttermost by the throng of guests that assembled in honor of the visitors and for their own enjoyment. A large marquee erected on the lawn, carpeted with rugs, held the long refreshment table, which was laden and replenished continually with all the delicacies suitable to an entertainment of the kind. An army of waiters dispensed tea, coffee, claret cup, iced, etc. The arrangements were so perfect and hospitality lavished with so free a hand that at no time were the twelve hundred incommoded for want of space. Mrs. Cosby's garden party to the delegates of the Reform Alliance is probably the largest entertainment ever given by a private resident to any visiting body in Toronto at any time, and was a grand success. Mrs. Cosby received her guests in a costume of striped brocade of a grayish color, exquisite duchesse lace forming the garniture; a Zouave jacket with front of white silk *crepe*; opal and diamond pins studding the front and collar; a most becoming hat with black velvet bows, pink velvet folds and wings of the same duchesse lace standing upright in front.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick wore a wide green striped brocade with guimpe of white silk, black leghorn hat with profusion of velvet roses of the new rose magenta shade. The summery weather gave an opportunity for many very light toilettes to be worn. Especially pretty flowered china silks were worn by Mrs. Walter Barwick, Miss Frances Smith, the Misses Foy, and very pretty striped silks by the Misses Gooderham. Mrs. J. D. Hay wore a costume of gray cloth with Tudor cloak, felt hat and ostrich plumes of the same shade exactly, which was most becoming and chic. Amongst the guests, far too numerous for more than a partial list, were: Lieut.-Governor and Mrs Kirkpatrick, Rev. D. J. and Mrs. Macdonnell, Mr. and Mrs. Yarker, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Blake, Mr. and Mrs. W. Blake, Col. and Mrs. Otter, Mr. and Mrs. Coulson, Miss Levs, Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski, Mrs. Bankes, Mrs. Alexander Cameron, Mrs. Langmuir, Miss Langmuir, Mrs. Montizambert, Principal and Mrs. Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. Homer Dixon, Prof. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Mrs. and Miss Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hay, Mr. and Mrs. H. Cawthra, Col. and Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. John Cawthra, Mrs. Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Jarvis, Miss Dupont, Justice and Mrs. Osler, Justice and Mrs. McLennan, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, Mrs. Clarkson, Mrs. C. Grassett, Major Harrison, Mrs. A. Foy, Miss Frances Smith, the Misses Foy, Mr. and Mrs. Anglin, Mr. and Mrs. C. Baines, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Drayton, the Misses Dawson, Mrs. Gibson, Mrs. Durie, Col. and Mrs. G. T. Denison, Miss Veals, the Misses McKellar, Miss Hector, Mr. and Mrs. C. Ryerson, Mr. and Mrs. M. Boulton, Dr. and Mrs. Ryerson, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Temple, Dr. and Mrs. Temple, Dr. and Mrs. Sprague, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Miss Cooke, Mr. Beverley Robinson, Mrs. S. S. McDonell, Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick, Sir Oliver Mowat, Dr. and Mrs. Macfarlane, Mrs. Moffat, Hon. Frank Smith, Mrs. McDougall, Rev. G. M. and Miss Macbeth Milligan, Hon. G. W. and Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Albert Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther, Mr. and Mrs. Donald McKay, Miss McKay, Dr. and Mrs. Parsons, Mrs. and the Misses Parsons, Mr. Laurie, Mr. Shanley, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser McDonald, Mr. George Harte, Mr. A. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. William Merritt, Mrs. Alex. Davidson, Dr. and Mrs. Thorburn, Mr. A. M. Smith and party, and hundreds of other well known and prominent citizens.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Ernest Macrae have left the Island and have taken up their residence at 49 Brunswick avenue, where Mrs. Macrae will receive her friends on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of next week.

Miss Dollie Long of New London, Conn., is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Dan A. Rose of 39 St. Mary's street.

Miss Fowler of Shannon street has just returned from a very pleasant vacation spent with friends in Lindsay.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Fred Webb of 88 Avenue road have returned after a pleasant trip to Yellowstone Park, Oakland, San Francisco, Portland, Oregon, and all the principal cities of the Pacific coast, Calgary, Brandon, Winnipeg, etc.

Miss E. Thomas of Belleville has returned to Toronto for the winter. Her many friends are pleased to see her again.

Miss Furlong of St. John, N. B., has been visiting friends in the city.

Mrs. Lyon of Ottawa was the guest of Mrs. Lewis recently.

Mr. E Mitchell of Hamilton was in Toronto last week.

Mrs. Macfarlane of 300 Jarvis street has returned from her Eastern trip and will receive the first three Mondays in the month during the winter.

Mr. Ashton Fletcher, Q. C., of Woodstock, was in town last week.

Mrs. J. Cayley has returned home from Muskoka.

Mrs. Richard Nettle of Peoria, U. S., was in town this week.

Mrs. (Dr.) Macdonald and family of Simcoe street returned last Tuesday from De Grassi Point, where they have spent the summer months.

Eddie Reburn, Toronto's boy singer, has been filling several out-of-town engagements with great success.

Mr. Warden, Mr. Coste and Mr. Bristowe of Ottawa, who played in the two great cricket matches which came off recently, were in town last Monday.

Sir Whittaker and Lady Ellis were in town yesterday *en route* to Montreal. Sir Whittaker Ellis was Lord Mayor of London in 1881.

An interesting wedding among the many celebrated this week was that of Mr. Frederick Quirk and Miss Minnie Castle, which took place in historic St. James' Episcopal church at noon on Tuesday. Rev. Arthur Manning officiated.

Miss Norma Reynolds has returned from a Muskoka and Thousand Island holiday.

Cards are out for the marriage ceremony and reception of Miss Jane Michie and Dr. Cowan, which happy event takes place on October 4.

Prof. Orr of Edinburgh, Rev. Dr. Ramsay of Closeburn, Scotland, Rev. J. McGaw, Rev. John Paton and Prof. Rentoul of Melbourne, Australia, are among the delegates to the Presbyterian council, which has just been concluded in the Queen City.

Senator W. E. Sanford of Hamilton was in town this week.

The Hon. John Costigan of Ottawa was in the city recently.

The Misses Foster have returned to the city after their summer trip.

Mr. W. R. Meredith arrived home from his European trip the latter part of last week.

Dr. R. H. Mason of Scarboro' was in town this week.

Miss Waters of Ottawa has been visiting Mrs. Falconbridge.

The Rosedale grounds presented a very gay and animated appearance last Saturday afternoon, when there was the usual immense throng of people to witness the match between the Montreals and Torontos. The play was quite exciting, and as the games progressed the majority in the grand stand appeared to be as enthusiastic as usual, which proves how very popular this game is in Toronto. It was a very closely contested match and notwithstanding the many times the Torontos displayed great skill, they failed to score a victory over Montreal. Among those present I noticed: Mr. and Miss Bain, Mr. Featherstonhaugh, Miss Hedly, Mr. Martin, the Misses Bright, Mr. Strickland, Mr. Swabey, Miss Smith, Mr. J. Magee, Mr. Macdonell, Miss V. Mason, Miss T. Mason, Mr. J. Jones, Mr. McCarthy, Mr. Hutchinson, Mr. H. Willis, Miss L Wise, Mr. Burgess, Miss Cassels, Mr. Hutchins, Miss Hodgert, Dr. Allan, Dr. Stacy, Mr. Johnston, Miss Gurney, Mr. Morton, Mr. Fahey and Mr. Carter.

Miss M. F. Boylan, who has been spending the holidays with friends in the States, returned on September 1, and resumed her classes in music.

There was a very pleasant family gathering at 23 Isabella street, one evening last week, to celebrate the silver wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Lee. Among the guests were: Mr. Lee's venerable mother, Mr. and Mrs. George Massey of New York and Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Bastedo of Newmarket.

A pretty wedding took place at St. Thomas' church on Tuesday afternoon. The bride was Miss Annie Baldwin, daughter of the late W. A. Baldwin of Masquolite, and the groom was Mr. C. P. Whelan of the Dominion Bank. The costume of the bride was rich white silk, veil and wreath of orange blossoms; she carried a bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaids were Miss McLeod of Drynoch, Miss Julia Buchanan and Miss Helen MacLeod. They wore pretty costumes of white India silk, Leghorn hats and carried bouquets of white carnations and scarlet geraniums. The groomsman was Mr. Edward Greig, and the ushers Messrs. Charlie Baldwin, Ernest Lefroy, Robert Baldwin and James Strachan. The guests, with few exceptions, were members of the bride's family. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Baldwin, Master Martin Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Æmilius Baldwin, Mr. St. George Baldwin and Miss Ethel Baldwin, Dr. and Mrs. Augustus Baldwin, Mr. R. R. Baldwin, Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Baldwin, Miss Phœbe Baldwin, Mr. Ernest Lefroy, Miss Beatrice Lefroy, Mr. and Mrs. W. Willcocks Baldwin, Mrs. Baldwin, Mr. Stephen Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Cassels, Dr. and Mrs. Leslie, Mr. and Mrs. J O Buchanan, Miss Gwen. Buchanan, Mrs. Robert Baldwin, Miss Katie Baldwin, Rev. J. Macqueen Baldwin, Dr. and Mrs. W. Warren Baldwin, Dr. Edward St. G. Baldwin, Rev. H. G. and Mrs. Baldwin, the Misses Ridley, Miss Helen MacLeod, Master Norman MacLeod, Mr. Harry MacLeod, Miss Alexa MacLeod, Mr. H. Quetton St. George, Mrs. Moss, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Moss, the Misses Moss, Mr. and Mrs. Ven Brown, Mr. Justice, Mrs. and Miss Falconbridge, Dr. and Mrs. Hilliary, Mrs. Hale, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Martin, Miss Rosser, Rev. L. Smith, Rev. T. W. and Mrs. Patterson, Dr. and Mrs. Spencer, Mr. Edward Greig, Mr. James Strachan, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Brough, Mrs. and Miss Sullivan, Miss Moffat, Mr. and Mrs. Kirwan Martin.

Mr. G. S. Forsyth celebrated his twenty-first birthday on Tuesday evening, September 13, by entertaining a large party of friends at his home, Adelaide street east. Among those present were: The Misses Dick, the Misses Stanley, Miss A. Taylor, Miss Nellie Brown, Miss D. Douglas, Miss Yettie Hoffenbacher of Hancock, Mich., Miss Coleman, Miss Jean Bain, Miss Haines, Miss M. Vogan of Caledon, Miss Smith, Miss Sadie Dance, Miss Bertha Scott, Miss Sadie Allen, Miss Ella Forsyth, Miss Annie Forsyth, Mrs. George Murray of Rosedale, and Messrs. Herbert Dunning, William Begg, J. Rutland, Walter Begg, Harry Smith, Fred Smith, A. Broughton, Harry Sylvester, H. C. Arnold, Robert McCaul, Gerrard Fudger and S. S. Vogan.

Mrs. Postlethwaite of Wellington place, who has several young visiting friends, gave a progressive euchre party on Wednesday evening, a novel feature in the entertainment being that each of the four prize winners was expected to sing a song, make a speech, or tell a humorous story. These conditions were admirably observed by Miss Edith Shaw, Miss Maudie Scales, Mr. Harry Sullivan and Mr. Alex. Williams, the fortunate prize winners, who contributed much to the jollity of the evening. After supper a couple of hours' dancing ensued and all went home well pleased with the amusement furnished by their genial host and hostess.

Mr. and Mrs. John Waldie have returned from England.

The Baroness Macdonald, of Earnscliffe, who has been spending the summer on the Lower St. Lawrence, has been making a delightful tour through Lower Canada. She is accompanied by Mrs. Fitzgibbon and Miss Cawthra of Toronto.

On Thursday evening Mr. and Mrs. Webster of the College of Music gave a lovely *musicale* of vocal and mandolin music. The crowd of musical and fashionable folk in attendance were delighted with the mandolin selections, and I dare say many a modish belle will not rest until she masters the graceful and tuneful instrument.

The marriage of Mr. James Ince, second son of Mr. William Ince of the firm of Perkins & Ince, with Miss Ethel McCarthy, only daughter of Mr. D'Alton McCarthy, will take place October 8.

Mrs. Floikes is paying a visit to her mother, Mrs. John Strachan, at Deneside, Trinity College.

Rev. Dr. Snodgrass, formerly of Kingston, now of Edinburg, is, during the meeting of the Reform Alliance, the guest of Miss Michie, Westlawn.

Mrs. Montague Strange of Kingston has been in Toronto visiting her sister, Mrs. Yarker.

Col. and Mrs. Sweny have returned to their winter residence, Rohallion.

Major and Mrs. Foster have returned to 185 Beverley street until November.

Mrs. T. J. McIntyre of Cecil street gave a very pretty evening last Saturday, which took the form of a *musicale*. Among the guests were: Miss Zealand of Hamilton, Miss Guest of St. Mary's, Mr. W. and Miss Lamport, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Vogt, Mr. Bert Pattullo, Mr. Sampson, and Dr. Carroll of London.

Mr. Fred C. Knowles of Newmarket has been visiting for the past week with his uncle, Sheriff Widdifield, 67 Wellington place.

Mrs. Arnold W. Thomas has returned from a visit to Buffalo, N. Y., accompanied by Mrs. W. H. Cowper of that city, who will spend a few days in Toronto.

Miss May Beacock of Brockville is the guest of Mrs. Beatwetherick of 270 Seaton street.

Mr. J. F. Lawson, secretary of the Toronto Bicycle Club, was presented, on September 15, with a very handsome gold watch by the Board of Directors of the club, as a slight recognition of the very able manner in which he conducted the business of their late race meet.

Mrs. E. J. Salisbury of Smith's Falls, formerly of this city, is renewing old acquaintances here.

Mrs. Burns of Simcoe street gave a delightful dance on September 16 for Mr. and Mrs. J. Burns, jr., of Vancouver. Among those present I noticed: Mr. and Mrs. Gunther, Mrs. Wishart, Dr. and Mrs. Greig, Miss Maggie Crawford, Miss Scott, the Misses Nairn, the Misses Massie, Mr. Massie, Mr. Ernest Burns, Miss B. Dixon, Miss Eva Kennedy, Messrs. Keith, Mr. Watson, Mr. and the Misses Martin, Mr. Ed. and the Misses McClung, Dr. MacKenzie, Mr. and Miss Morse, Miss Keith and Mr. Webb.

Dr. Ross of the London Asylum medical staff is at his home in Goderich for a brief visit.

Dr. W. J. Delaney of Waterbury, Conn., has been the guest of Mrs. Smith of Isabella street for the past week. He left for home Wednesday morning.

Mrs. Ball, daughter of Mr. C. B. Stevens, has arrived in England on a visit.

Mrs. C. B. Stevens is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Wallace of Orangeville.

Mrs. G. H. MacIntyre of St. Mary's, Mrs. Clay of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Mrs. Macoun of Stratford and Miss Maud Stevenson of Guelph are the guests of Mrs. MacIntyre, Cecil street.

Mr. J. A. Culverwell, representative of the Edison General Electric Company at Montreal, spent a few days in Toronto this week visiting his parents on Dovercourt road.

Mr. and Mrs. John Webster of Crawford street have returned from the Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Piper of Parkdale have removed to Grenville street.

Mr. R. S. Williams of Goderich has been in town for a short visit.

A splendid reception was given by the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick to the delegates of the Reform Alliance yesterday afternoon, of which I will give particulars next week.

A delightful dance was given by Mrs. R. A. Fyne on Thursday evening for her guests, Mrs. Fred McQueen and Miss Lowe.

Mrs. Freeland of Murray street received on several days of last week; she wore a delicate pale green wool *crepon*, with vest of white brocade. Mrs. Freeland was assisted in receiving by Miss Grant and Miss Jennings.

Dr. Gibson of London, England, delegate to the Pan-Presbyterian Council, is the guest of his brother, Mr. Goodwin Gibson, Deer Park.

Dr. Blaikie of Edinburgh is the guest of his cousin, Mr. J. L. Blaikie, Bloor street west.

Dr. Paton is the guest of Mr. James Park of Duke street.

Among the interesting visitors to the Reform Alliance are Dr. and Mrs. Laws; the doctor is the medical missionary to the natives in Livingstonia, Africa, where he has resided for twenty-two years.

Mrs. Charles Pipon received on Wednesday last, in her pretty new house on Beverley street. Her reception dress, which was much admired, was of deep peacock green silk, with vest of cream surah. She was assisted by Miss Amy Rutherford, who wore pale lavender silk with lavender and gold passementerie.

Mr. Macadam Muir of Morningside, Edinburgh, is the guest of Rev. G. Macbeth Milligan.

Much sympathy is felt for the Bishop of Algoma, whose serious illness causes grave anxiety among his host of friends and admirers.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wedd and family have returned from their Island home.

Miss Maynard has gone to Montreal on a visit to friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Wedd of St. Andrew's street are coming home next week.

Mr. Frank Deane gives a pianoforte recital at Messrs. Williams' music warerooms, 143 Yonge street, this afternoon at 3 30 o'clock.

Mrs. Jack King of St. George street has gone to New York.

A quiet wedding took place on Wednesday at twelve o'clock, between Miss Daisy Logan of Strachan avenue and Mr. Charles Brown of Chicago, formerly of Toronto. The bride wore a handsome traveling costume in fawn shades, and carried a bouquet of white roses. Only the relatives of the parties were present. Mr. and Mrs. Brown left on the afternoon train for Chicago. The wedding gifts were unusually beautiful and numerous.

Mr. and Mrs. Garvin and family of Linden street have returned to town.

A charming At Home was given last Tuesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Darling of

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

Our stock is now complete with all the latest Novelties in Gloves to match any costume.

R. & G.---CORSETS---P. & D.

Millinery Dressmaking

We are now prepared with our EXCLUSIVE styles for the Autumn.

New Tweeds
New Cloths
New Homespuns

WM. STITT & CO.

11 and 13 King Street East
TORONTO

USING "ELITE" LIMOGES CHINA
"How delicious the flavor of this tea."
"Yes. The tea is not bad, but I drink it only for the delicate feeling that is imparted to the lips by touching this exquisite china."

Pantechnetheca
COR. ADELAIDE AND YONGE STS.

THE J. E. ELLIS CO. LTD.
Have this week received direct from the London makers new styles in Toilet Brushes--Tortoise Shell, Ivory, Ebony and Sterling Silver backs--of the best quality, made for London shops, in elegant shapes, for Ladies and Gents. English Sterling Silver Novelties just to hand in great variety.
3 EAST KING ST. COR OF YONGE

CUNARD LINE
Sailing Every Saturday from New York
UNSURPASSED FOR
Safety, Civility and Comfort
W. A. GEDDES, AGENT
69 Yonge Street, Toronto

SOUTHERN - - TOURS
Bermuda, Florida, Nassau, Cuba, Mexico, Jamaica, Barbados, West Indies, Azores, Riviera, Egypt, Palestine, Etc., Etc.
BARLOW CUMBERLAND
Gen. S. S. and Tourist Agency, 72 Yonge St., Toronto.

HERBERT E. SIMPSON
PHOTOGRAPHER
143 College Street - - Toronto
2ND DOOR WEST OF QUEEN ST. AVENUE
SUCCESSOR TO IAIN NORMAN & FRASER.

GAS FIRES, LOGS
Open Fireplaces, Grates, &c.
RICE LEWIS & SON (LIMITED)
King Street East TORONTO

Autumn Styles and Materials.

THE garment most needed in the first cool days of autumn is a small wrap to be thrown on over demi-season gowns. At present this useful wrap is a small round cape of cloth, or rather, three superposed capes, the uppermost reaching to the shoulder-tips, the lowest just touching the hips, while the second is half-way between. A surah lining, somewhat in the shape of a round yoke, is at the top of the deepest cape; the others rest in layers on this foundation, without height on the shoulders, their edges smoothly cut and entirely untrimmed. A wide box-pleated ruche of black velvet is around the neck, with ribbon ends to be tied in a large bow at the throat. These capes come in bright red, gray-blue, dark blue, and tan colored cloths, and are to be worn with various dresses. For later in the season are slightly longer triple capes of cloth, warmly lined, and furnished with a high collar of fur, such as black Astrakhan or the brown Labrador fur. A deep military cape of cloth held in Watteau folds down the back has a gay embroidered collar. Velvet capes promise to be fashionable when falling in a single deep curve with a great deal of fulness massed in the back. These are cut with a single sloping seam in the back and extend low on the hips. The high collar flares slightly, and below this is a collarette of velvet falling in pleats, the sides reaching to the shoulder-tips, the front and back pointed longer. This is very handsome in changeable green and black velvet with a pale violet satin lining. Black passementerie stripes radiate from the neck between the pleats of the collarette, and below this falls a rain fringe of heavy jet. Small ostrich tips are set parallel in a row each side of the front. Long round cloaks for receptions fall in a broad Watteau pleat, and are made of black satin richly brocaded with metals in a flower design, and finished with a flaring collar of black Mongolian fur. Black velvet cloaks reaching to the knee are quite round and flowing in the back; but are belted in mantilla shape in front, and are richly embroidered in black silks by the needle. Carriage cloaks of tan, pistache green, or violet cloth have a deep collar and front trimming of fleecy black Mongolian fur. Others of similar round shape have a small Jane cape of three ruffles of the cloth bound with black Astrakhan, and these garments may be worn together or separately, as the weather requires.

•

The cloth coats most largely imported are of three-quarter length and have very large sleeves. Some are closely fitted and have lapped fronts, while many are fitted in the back only, the front falling straight and opening on a vest. The latter plan is adopted for some handsome jackets of green, brown and tan cloths, the colors that prevail in such garments. Large *directoire* revers and bertha-like frills of cloth or of velvet are features of new garments. Another fancy is that of using two kinds of fur on one coat, the revers and collar being of a flat fur, to which is added a narrow fleecy fur to serve as a border. A dark green cloth coat with long revers of black Astrakhan of very fine quality is edged with an inch-wide border of brown Labrador fur with long soft pile. The high collar and flaring cuffs are also combinations of these two furs. This handsome coat is fitted in the back, but has straight loose fronts falling open on a deep Continental vest of velvet, which has pin dots all over its surface and a wide printed border of rich colors down each side of the middle.

•

The foulard and cotton blouses of summer will soon be superseded by waists of plaid silk, which may be had in gay Scotch tartans, and also in more subdued French coloring. Some times only the upper part of a guimpe and large bias sleeves are made of plaid silk to fill out a corselet and skirt of serge, tweed, or vigogne, but the entire waist of plaid is largely imported, to wear with various skirts of dark wool or silk. A gay silk waist of bright Stuart plaid, with red as the prevailing color, is gathered on a fitted lining that points slightly in front and back, the sides defining the waist line. The silk is bias throughout, with the fullness from the shoulders drawn down under a folded girdle of the same that points upward quite high in front and slopes to a two-inch belt in the back. A slight gilt buckle which curves in with the figure is passed through the front of the girdle, while the back is fastened under a rosette. A collarette of the silk with selvage finish is pleated below a high collar, and points low in front and back, while the shorter shoulder pleats reach only to the top of the sleeves. These sleeves are large gigots of bias silk with turned-over cuffs. A beautiful guimpe for dark blue or green dresses is made of white silk with bias bars of blue and green, each edged with bright yellow.

•

Black satin merveilleux with colored stripes is also used for separate waists. Line stripes of pink with blue, or green with mauve and yellow, are very effective on black grounds. These waists have a double box-pleat down the back, with fronts gathered on the shoulders and trimmed down the middle with two projecting ruffles that are selvage-edged. The collars and cuffs of doubled satin are turned over and square-cornered. Such waists are long enough to extend over the hips if desired, but are most often worn with the ends passed inside the skirt. A belt of satin has a *chou* or a buckle in front.

•

Jacket corsages prevail among newly imported French dresses. These are made in various ways, but instead of having a separate blouse as during the summer, they are now in but one piece, a fitted lining being trimmed down the front to represent a vest or shirt waist, and the waist proper placed permanently upon this representing a jacket. The short *directoire* jacket waist with immense revers is adopted by Felix for dresses of the new wool velors with long pile, and the popular corded Russian velors in changeable tints. The back is usually seamless, being of the velors stretched over a fitted lining, and is slightly pointed, then is edged with fur or galloon, or with both, which serves also as a border to the loose jacket fronts. Revers of the fleecy velors are sometimes merely stitched along the edges, while others are bound with illuminated galloon. Satin of a contrasting color is used for the puffed frilled vest under these velors jackets, one of the most popular combinations being a bright green vest with jacket waist and skirt of tan velors. Rough surfaced bourrette woollens in which several colors are sleazily woven together—the ground tan-color, with red, green and blue threads interspersed—form jacket bodices, with ruffled vest of golden-tan silk ribbed heavily and taken bias. Two bands of brown fur divided by narrow galloon edge the jacket back, the neck, and the wrists of the large sleeves. The bell skirt is bordered by double rows of fur and galloon.

•

The Mikado jacket, open up the back as well as in front, appears again, but is made elaborate by fichu-like revers that start in a point in front, widen on the shoulders to fall over the sleeves, are then pleated in the back of the collar, and descended in folded points to the waist in the back. This complicated little jacket is made by Felix, of widely twilled vigogne in a pinkish-brown shade over one of the pretty new velvets in very narrow stripes of pale rose and green. The velvet is laid smoothly on the lining, with its little stripes all meeting to form points, and is edged with a jeweled galloon of light green jade and topaz cabochon on a gilt ground. The sleeves have wide yet short Empire puffs of bias-striped velvet above close sleeves of vigogne that are twice striped around with the gay galloon. The bell skirt is finished with a box-pleating four inches wide of vigogne, hemmed at the lower edge, but cut and raveled at the top, and above this are two bias folds of the striped velvet, each an inch wide. LA MODE.

Aphorisms.

The man who is hard up can't very well come down.

The board of health may be variously composed, but the board of dyspepsia clings feverishly to oatmeal.

It's seldom the same divinity that shapes both our ends; for the D. D. who christened us is very likely to die before he has a chance to preach our funeral sermons.

Discriminating.

Miss Goldust—You are a friend of Mr. Upson Downes, I believe?

Kirby Stone—No.

Miss Goldust—Why, he told me he was a friend of yours!

Kirby Stone—Oh, he is! but I make it a rule never to borrow, myself.

Another shipment just arrived. Just the kind for the house. Varied assortment. Call and inspect them.
CHOICE ROSES and other Seasonable Flowers always on hand.
Wedding Bouquets, House and Church Decorations our specialty.

S. TIDY & SON - 164 Yonge Street
Conservatory (475 Ontario St.) Tel. 3057
Store Tel. 2939
N. B.—Funeral designs on short notice.

A KEG OF OUR PORTER
IS BETTER THAN
A BARREL OF DRUGS
$1.50 A KEG
Spadina Brewary
Tel. 1363. Kensington Avenue.

R. M. MELVILLE
Toronto General Steamship Agency
28 ADELAIDE STREET EAST
For Steamship Tickets to All Parts of the World at Lowest Rates

S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

SILKS will be much worn this season, and our stock and prices are such as to meet the commendation of the careful buyers of every nationality and class.

China Silks, 700 pieces, 17½c. yard.
Pongee Silks, colored, 35c.
India Silks, new shades, 40c.
Shot Silks, leading colors, 40c.
Duchess Satin, great value, 35c. worth 60c.
Corded Bengaline, leading colors, 85c.
Surahs, fine, 65c.
Surahs, pure silk, 25 inch, 60c.

For evening wear these silks are very select, and we have perfected arrangements to show them in the day time by gaslight, thus securing the best choice in selection.

The range of black silks is very wide and contains many remarkable values.

Gros Grain, Black Silk, 55c.
Gros Grain, Black Silk, 65c., 85c., $1.
Peau de Soire, 85c.

Some very special selections in failles and bengalines.

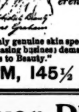
Order silks by letter. Our mail order system does it all.

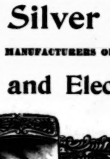
R. SIMPSON
S. W. cor. Yonge and Queen Streets, Toronto. | Entrance Yonge Street. Entrance Queen Street.
Store Nos. 174, 176, 178 Yonge Street, and 1 and 3 Queen Street West.

Armson & Stone.
For Cheap, Choice and Useful Jackets and Capes
One of the finest stocks of Mantles in the Dominion, and at prices to astonish the very closest buyers.
A Pleasure to Show Our New Goods
212 YONGE STREET

NEW YORK GOODS

LADIES' OVERGAITERS
IN
Gray, Fawn, Tan, Seal Brown, Navy Blue and Black.
Prices range from
$1.00 to $1.75
79 King Street East


DRESSMAKING
Evening Dresses and Riding Habits
Dresses Cut and Fitted
CORSETS TO ORDER
ANY STYLE.
E. J. CHUBB, 254½ Yonge Street, south of Trinity Square.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVED BY ELECTROLYSIS.
We devote a full hour to each Face Massage, Filling out Hollow Cheeks and treating the skin for Wrinkles, Blackheads, Coarse Pores, etc.
We give GERMAN BATHS for THIN and NERVOUS LADIES, and scientifically develop the bust. Those who have grown smaller trying others are satisfied with our treatments.

We can reduce your flesh fifteen pounds in a month and keep you feeling perfectly well. Best of references given.
We have studied Dermatology thoroughly and are the only genuine skin specialists, outside of physicians, in the city. Ladies are requested to make appointments, as our increasing business demands so much time. All questions cheerfully answered at 14½ Yonge Street. Send stamp for "Aids to Beauty."
MRS. GERVAISE GRAHAM, 145½ YONGE STREET.

THE Toronto Silver Plate Co.
MANUFACTURERS OF
Sterling Silver and Electro Silver Plate

No. 6610 SNUFFERS AND TRAY
All Silverware stamped Toronto Silver Plate Co. is guaranteed by them.
Factories and Salesrooms: 570 King St. West, Toronto
E. G. GOODERHAM, Manager. JNO. C. COPP, Sec.-Treas.

R. SCORE & SON
LADIES' TAILORS
77 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO
We have engaged Mr. D. Winfield, seven years head cutter with Marquis & Co., of London, Eng., and our Salon will be opened in a few days. Mr. R. J. Score has just returned from Europe with the very latest designs in Ladies' goods.
Prices moderate.

Fashionable Milliner
MISS PAYNTER
3 King St. East
FIRST FLAT
Ascend by Elevator

MADAME IRELAND'S
Herbal Toilet Soap
The *Canadian Pharmaceutical Journal* of December 1 says: "Madame Ireland's soap, which is now being introduced in Canada, possesses all the characteristics of a perfect non-irritating detergent. It possesses special medicinal properties which render it very useful in some cutaneous affections. It is offered exclusively through the drug trade.

Bingham Prints Invitations
For Weddings, Parties, Etc.
Good
38 Adelaide St. West
Toronto

WHERE FASHIONABLE LADIES MEET.

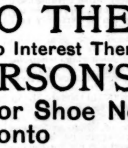
There is a place on Yonge Street,
A place of fashions and of styles;
There it is where all the fashionable ladies meet,
For hundreds (all round) of miles,
To consult about the styles of hair,
The eminent coiffeur artist,
Who will show the lovely ladies fair
How to dress the hair in a twist.
Fashions and styles are to his command.
His name is Jean Francis-Armand.
No equal he has in this great land
Of the American continent.
In Europe, among the artistic world,
Well known this famous name is, so I am told.
Through natural gifts of the occasions
Has he obtained prices for his art of all the nations.
A Frenchman true in test and way
He is, so all his lovely patrons say.
No other man can imitate his art and test,
Acknowledge you must who know Frenchmen best.
Importers have tried, and try it yet,
To imitate, but these styles are to get.
They take recourse to great Paris names,
For advantage sake, but without fame.
The public to-day is not so blind;
They see through the design from behind.
Dedicated from an obscure patron to J. FRANCIS-ARMAND, the only French Ladies' Hair-dresser and Hair-dealer in Toronto.
Anti-septic Face Bath, Face Massage, Face Treatment. Best and most scientific system for purifying the skin and preservation of a healthy complexion, with wonderful success. Manicure in all its detail. Parlor now open with above establishment. Consultation free.
411 Yonge St. and 1 Carlton St. Tel. 2418.

Standard Dress Bone
"UNEQUALLED"
IS THE VERDICT
OF
All Those Who Have Used the
STANDARD DRESS BONES
The steel is extra quality, non-corrosive, metal tipped, securely stitched and fastened in a covering of superior sateen. Can be relied on not to stain, cut through at the ends, or become detached.
Ask for Them
They are the Best
SOLD BY
All the Leading Retail Dry Goods Merchants Throughout the Dominion

IZOD'S PATENT CORSETS Are the Best.

Prepared by a New and Special Scientific Process.
Medical opinion recommends them for THE HEALTH.
Public opinion all over the world unanimous that they are unsurpassed for COMFORT, STYLE AND DURABILITY. SOLD IN EVERY TOWN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. Name and Trade Mark, Anchor, on every pair and box. Ask your Draper or Outfitter for IZOD'S make; take no other, and see you get them, as bad makes are often sold for sake of extra profit. Write for our sheet of Drawings.
E. IZOD & SON.
30, Milk St., London.
Manufactory: LANDPORT, HANTS.

CAUTION
Beware of imitations of
BABY'S OWN SOAP
The only genuine has the ALBERT TOILET SOAP Co.'s name on the wrapper on each cake.

LADIES
ASK FOR

BARBOUR'S
LINEN THREADS
The Best for All Purposes
Sold by All Dealers

VISITORS TO THE FAIR
Will Find Much to Interest Them at
M'PHERSON'S
The Headquarters for Shoe Novelties in Toronto
GEORGE McPHERSON
186 YONGE STREET

Telephone 1551

A LOVELY FACE
Is in most cases produced by the aid of artistic hair dressing. The lovely fall styles for ladies' wear in new and prettier ships in Bangs, Waveless and Switches have been very much admired by all who visited Dorenwend's during the Fair. Ladies and gentlemen requiring Hair Goods Coverings should not miss seeing the magnificent selection. Ladies can have their hair dressed, shampooed, cut, singed, dyed, bleached, &c., on the premises by competent artists.
Dorenwend's Paris Hair Works
103 and 105 Yonge St. Toronto

J. & J. L. O'MALLEY
FURNITURE AND CARPETS
EXTRA VALUE IN CARPETS
GIVE US A CALL
FALL HOUSE-CLEANING
Remember our Hygienic Carpet Cleaner is the only reliable process in the city.
All kinds of upholstering and repairing promptly attended to.
J. & J. L. O'MALLEY
Telephone 1057 160 Queen St. West

TWICE LOST:

A Tale of Love and Fortune.

By RICHARD DOWLING,

Author of "The Hidden Flame," "Fatal Bonds," "Tempest Driven," "A Baffling Quest," Etc.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XIII.

"FOR EVER!" SHE REPEATED, AND KISSED HIS LIPS.

North Furham, where John Crane lived, is but sparsely covered with houses compared with the opposite bank of the river. There, except at odd points, London begins to struggle into the open country, to become undisguised Essex.

The country inland is infinitely uninteresting and dreary. It consists of series of levels, flats and marshes, little or nothing above high water mark. Here stretch lines of docks, but the river is no longer margined by wharves and quays, and the shores of the Thames have a lonely, purposeless, forgotten air, save when the tide brings ships out of the deep and barges from the Medway, or when it sweeps them downward from under the sullen bank of blue smoke where prodigious London lies in the West.

With the exception of the North Furham docks and the roads leading to them, Water lane, the approach to the great Victoria Steam Ferry, is the only street or road which sustains an air of active traffic and pushing life.

The proximity of Water lane to the great docks, and the fact that it forms the highway to the southern side of the river, had decided John Crane on making it the scene of his business experiment. Houses there were very cheap, and at the back of the one he took at little more than the rent of a workman's cottage, stood his workshop. His scheme did not require an imposing front in an expensive thoroughfare. He wanted space and cheapness, not show.

"I am rather a manufacturer and wholesale repairer than a retailer of ready-made goods," he had said to himself when entering the little house in Water lane and putting up his sign, a sextant rampant on a sea green.

In the evening of the day, John Crane spoke about Edith to her mother, and told the old woman the news of his good fortune. He had more matter for thought and reflection than in all his previous years.

Within the past couple of days his life had been thrown into the scale, and there was yet no telling how it would weigh out; he had received this disturbing news from America, and he had resolved to ask Edith Orr if she would be his wife.

He did not know up to this moment anything more about affairs in America than that Arthur Stebbing, his uncle, was dead, and that in Vera Pax he was supposed to be his uncle's heir. He had gathered from his uncle's letters to him that the property would be considerable. He had no reason in the world to think that Edith Orr leant more in favor towards him than towards any man who went by her door. He had simply determined to marry her, not out of a desire to secure her beauty so much as that he might pass his life in paying homage to the exquisite spirit of womanhood enshrined in her exquisite form.

"I am a fire-worshipper," he had thought. "I worship God's divine fire in Edith Orr."

From the time he began to grow used in distant observation, to the ways of Edith Orr, and conversant with her mind, he had conceived a feeling of worship for her. His worship rose not for her body, whose beauty was extraordinary. He had a feeling of shyness of this physical loveliness. When he thought of her face and figure, her hair, her mien, they became intoxicatingly dear to the exclusion of feelings he valued most and cherished best.

He had said to himself, as he looked into the regions of the setting sun from the deck of the Furham steam ferry, "Ah, Edith Orr, if I can win this girl is the heart of me. I would give all the world that she might know she is my heart, for if she could know she is my heart I know it, the knowledge would make her life full and satisfied, as sunset is full and satisfied with light."

Crane was not, technically speaking, a poet. He had never in all his life even dreamed of writing verses. He esteemed himself a highly practical young man. He, although no technical poet, there were in him thoughts above the grossnesses of earth. He was a poet now and then, as most men are, and as all men, who are not brutes in the guise of men, must be when they love, if their love is true love, such as comes to all men once in life.

This news from Vera Pax had reached him as a surprise. His uncle, Arthur Stebbing, was known to him only by name and through the world of intermediary intelligence. John Crane had no memory of family legends or stories of uncle. Indeed, until a few years ago he did not know whether his uncle was dead or alive. Now word came that the old man had died, leaving John Crane heir to all he died worth.

"He must have left a few thousands, at all events, and hundreds would be of the greatest service to me," thought the young man. "If I had five hundred now in hand I might manufacture some special article in a small way to begin with, and creep on by degrees. In any case, with the help of two hundred and fifty I could make the future sure, and I can count on two-fifty at the very least from Vera Pax. There is no risk in calculating on the two-fifty I want, though it might be risky to reckon on ten times as much, and ten times two-fifty would, I dare say, be a moderate estimate of what is coming to me. With two-fifty I'd start that improvement of mine in the binocular microscope, and out of that alone I ought to earn enough to live on. So I see no reason why I should not speak about Edith at once, and make sure before anyone else comes along to confuse matters with an offer of marriage. Someone else marry Edith! Nonsense! No one else could marry her, for she is my heart and I will marry her as certainly as I live."

He was confident of reaching the goal before moving an inch towards it. He did not experience any new doubts or misgivings when he saw that handsome stranger, Fancourt, who had taken Mrs. Orr's rooms. The idea of a rival never once crossed his mind. It might be in his thoughts that he might wait till too late. Long before this, it had occurred to him that if he hung back an unreasonable time someone else might speak of marriage to Edith, and there might be a bad blunder; that she, not knowing she was in his heart, might enter into some preposterous engagement with another man. Now that he had resolved to speak to her at once, there could be no fear of being second in the race. He was confident without a trace of conceit. It would have amused him beyond measure if anyone had said his theory of love or his hope of winning Edith Orr was the result of conceit. He would have answered:

"Conceited! Why, either you don't know the meaning of the word, or you do not know how I feel. I'm not blind and I'm not fat all, I am thinking of her—or more exactly, I am thinking of her who is herself and all of me as well."

Novel and interesting as the new position of John Crane's affairs was, he did not allow it to occupy him to the exclusion of business. When he was absent from Water lane on his rounds in North Furham, or across the river in Muscovy place, his foreman, Ben Sherwin, took charge of the depot, as Ben was pleased to call the shop.

With Ben Sherwin, Crane had a few things to arrange on his return that day. Then Sherwin retired into the workshop at the back of the house, and Crane sat down at his bench to occupy himself with the intricacies of a musical box whose English sire, Ben Sherwin said, had not been improved by the winds of the tropics. In Crane's occupation designing took thought; but once the designing was done and the tools set going, a great deal of the work was purely mechanical. At a glance the young watchmaker saw what was amiss with the musical box, had resolved how the repair should be effected, and from that out his mind was free to engage itself on other matters.

Naturally it went back to Muscovy place, and while he brushed and sawed and drilled and filed, he came to the conclusion that it would be a very dangerous thing for these two women to take into their house a lodger who had not tendered the most excellent references. As he brushed and filed and drilled and polished, he became perfectly clear in his that a lodger of any kind was undesirable in a watchmaker's where there was no man, and that Muscovy place could not safely house a lodger who was not well known to Mrs. Orr, or to someone in whom Mrs. Orr could place implicit confidence, and who would guarantee the complete respectability of the guest.

When he came to this conclusion he threw down his tools, took up a pen and wrote to Mrs. Orr without more ado, and put his letter across the river by hand for the sake of expedition.

As soon as the letter was despatched he returned to his work at the bench with a feeling of having put something right.

He was just sitting down to his tea in the little parlor behind the shop, when a letter that had come by a carter crossing the ferry was put into his hand.

"Oh," he thought, "an answer from Mrs. Orr. I do hope the references were unexceptionable." He had no acquaintance with the handwriting of the writer of the letter.

He tore the envelope open, glanced at the writing and fixed his eyes on the signature. "It's from Edith," he thought greatly. "I wonder why she writes. I hope her mother is not ill." Not for an instant did it strike him the letter could have anything to do with what he had been saying to Mrs. Orr. He did not think the message had any reference to the acceptance or refusal of his offer. He had no vanity whatever. He did not fancy that all the world was thinking of his affairs.

"Something about this lodger, Fancourt," he thought. "I wonder why Mrs. Orr herself did not write. But women of that age are often lazy with the pen."

"DEAR MR. CRANE,—My mother is much obliged to you for your letter, and regrets to say that she had no reference at all from Mr. Fancourt. She is quite of your mind, and would very much like to see you this evening if you can manage to come over to Muscovy place. Yours sincerely, EDITH ORR."

This letter was the flattest common-place; that is the perfection of what it should be. Crane put it back again into its envelope and thrust it into his pocket with as much composure as though it were a trade circular. It was a most efficient business communication from one who had a mind of great clearness and force. He did not think of kissing it. He had hardly yet thought of kissing the writer. The notion of kissing the writer had in a dim way come into his mind, but not as a matter of great desirableness or importance. When he thought of Edith, he had a feeling of shyness of all her life than of her kisses. Kisses seemed an interruption to the homage he paid her in his heart.

He took up his hat and set off to Muscovy place. Darkness had fallen and the gas was alight when he pushed open the glass door of the widow's shop.

"Oh, Mr. Crane," said Mrs. Orr, "I am so glad to see you. It is good of you to come. We are in the greatest difficulty about this new lodger. My daughter wrote to you and she will explain everything to you. I would not like any of the neighbors to hear of the matter, and it will not be pleasant to be interrupted. The gas is lighted in the parlor. If you go in there, Edie can tell you all about it." Mrs. Orr's notion was that two birds might be killed with one stone. If Crane thought well of it he could speak to Edie now.

The daughter looked at her mother in perplexity. She did not know anything of the talk about herself which had passed between Crane and her mother. However, she saw no objection to the suggested retirement into the parlor. Of late, most of the little affairs of the business and house had been delegated to her by Mrs. Orr. "Very well," said she, with a smile, "come in, Mr. Crane."

When they were in the parlor, a small, square, sparely-furnished room, lit by a single gas jet in a white globe, the girl motioned Crane to one of the four rigid, uncomfortable, mahogany hair-seated chairs and took another herself. Around her seemed to shine a light, a warmth of radiance peculiar to herself. She appeared not to take light of the place, but to shed a rich and delicate glow around her.

Crane stood beside her a moment, touched her hair softly with his hand, and saying, "God bless you!" sat down on the chair she had pointed out for him.

She looked at him gravely and saw there no surprise, no invitiy in his eyes, but tears instead. Up to the moment her mother had suggested that they should go into this room, she had been full of concern about the lodger to the exclusion of all other matters. Her mother's suggestion that they should come in here had stopped the current of her mind towards Fancourt, but had set no other stream moving. John Crane's actions and words stirred her soul in a way never before experienced. In his voice there was a tone of pity; in his eyes a look of infinite sorrow; in the light touch of his fingers on her hair a strange, mysterious assertion of right and authority. All that had ever been in her mind up to this moment seemed to leave her suddenly and for ever.

"What is it?" she said. "I—I do not understand."

"Nor I," he said sadly; "I do not understand either. But I know I am safe with you."

"Safe with me about what?" she asked, knitting her brows in laboring perplexity.

"Safe with you against misunderstanding."

"Oh, yes. I could not misunderstand you. I might not be able to understand you; but I would think I could never come to you on a misunderstanding." She did not know to what this talk had reference, but she had a sense it reached to something solemn and portentous.

"Your looks and your words tell me I am right in all I thought of you. Would you take my word for a matter of grave weight and importance?"

"I should take your word, Mr. Crane, for anything you told me." She was trembling now, and hardly able to control her speech, but her eyes rested steadily and confidently upon him.

"What I have to tell you has such a vital meaning that I hardly dare to speak." He, too, was trembling now. "Do you think I may speak?"

She bowed her head in assent.

"I think, Miss Orr, that in time you might come to love me."

She dropped her eyes and whispered in a broken voice, "I—I have not thought of it."

"I know you have not. Since first I saw you, Miss Orr, I thought of this. I asked myself if I believed you could come to love me and I have arrived at the conclusion that you could. I know you could, or I should not have spoken now; it would seem presumptuous of me to say to you that I love you. But I should die without saying it if I did not think you could love me. You are my heart; I have no heart but you. Will you come to me?"

"I feel so dull just now," she said, her eyes on the ground, "I cannot think; I can hardly speak."

"Do not distress yourself. Do not try to tell me yet. Another time will do."

"I wish to say," she said, raising her eyes to his, "that you have spoken to me as a man should speak to one."

"You see you are my heart, and I know you well," said he.

"And to speak to me as you have spoken is a great deal to me."

"You are my heart, so I must know you."

"You have paid me no compliment, and that is the highest compliment of all."

"You are my heart, how could I go wrong, Edith!"

"You knew me when I did not know myself."

"You are my heart, and I know you Edith."

"Then take my heart, if you will." She rose and held out both hands to him.

He rose and took her hands, and stooped to kiss them.

She drew her hands away. "Not that," she said, "not that, I am yours."

She clasped her in his arms, and kissed her forehead. "For ever."

"For ever," she repeated, and kissed his lips.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DESERTED HOTEL.

In that vast hall Frank Jeaters stood appalled. He had shown Pollie this fatal trap, and he had left that trap open. He knew the terror in hand of water, of the Thames in particular, and he had concocted that shocking story of finding the young woman's body in the river, of dragging the body of the dead woman up the shoot and laying it down on the pavement of this hall within a few feet of the door behind which his wife slept.

His mind was in possession of all these facts, but they were not present to his imagination. He did not see any of the scenes, and he did not hear any of the words or voices of those transactions; still, they were all present vaguely in his memory, with the awful vagueness of terrifying figures beheld in a half-light; menacing voices of onslaught caught through the confusion of a tumult.

There could be no doubt Pollie was gone. The echoes of the empty palace had given back that news to his straining ears. Gone, and gone by that awful way in the tenanted flood! Gone, and gone by the river of which she stood in such cruel dread! Poor Pollie!

What should he do?

Sound an alarm and wake the neighborhood! That would not do any good or—much harm. Could it do any harm!

Could it do any harm to him? Could anything do harm now! This was a question of great gravity, of vital importance. He must think. He must think the whole matter out.

He entered the little sitting-room, struck a light and lit the lamp.

With apprehension which he sought to smother, he glanced hastily around. Here was no indication that matters had gone wrong. Everything was just as he had left it, or as he might expect to find it—everything except one thing—Pollie's presence!

But did he expect to find her presence here? He shuddered.

Already the place was assuming a haunted air. He, Frank Jeaters, trembling at the mere thought of a ghost! He, who had always laughed at the supernatural as an old woman's tale! He, Frank Jeaters, a believer in phantoms from the grave!

Yet, but till now there could have been no ghost at which he might not laugh. If he saw a ghost now of what would it be the ghost? If he saw anything now could he laugh at it!

If he saw anything now! Why, he trembled! When he looked around he saw everything there was to be seen, everything which could be in this room. What an idiot he was! Why, nerves to give way! They would not give way now only for that accursed narcotic last night. They had to be been such a fool as to swallow it! Well, of course he had taken it so that he might sleep. Sleep! So that he might sleep last night. If he could not sleep last night without a draught, how was he to sleep this night? Last night he was afraid his scheme might succeed—to night he knew it had succeeded.

Oh, thinking—any kind of thinking—would not do at all. There stood in the way horrible material difficulties and dangers of which he had not thought before.

They did not know at the office that he was married. He had told Pol—told her that he had mentioned her to Hilliers, that he had spoken to Hilliers about his wife. That statement was an invention. He had never disclosed his marriage to the secretary of the St. Vincent Company. When a man was once settled in a career it might be advantageous that people knew he was married; but when a man was seeking employment, trying to find an outlet for his energies and abilities, a bachelor had the better chance.

But pooh! pooh! what was the meaning of this wandering in these labyrinthine difficulties about life when his own safety called for the exercise of every faculty he possessed.

Let him try to think, and let him try to keep his mind centered on a matter of paramount importance—his own position in this distracting situation.

He had not told Hilliers he was married, and he had enjoined it on Pollie that she told no one in Hoxton where they were going to live; and Pollie had, as far as he knew, no relative in England, no relative at all but an old uncle in some savage out-of-the-way part of America. Therefore, no enquiries were likely to follow the disappearance of his wife. If the river gave up its dead there would be no means of identification, and the dead of the river would never be laid at his door. He should instantly resign his care of this place, leave Verdon—go to that other place, to Furham, where he had secured a shelter.

For a while he paused in his thoughts, then, as if struck by an arrow, sprang to his feet with a cry.

Merciful heavens! what an idiot he was to fancy the dead beyond recognition! Why, her nightgown was marked with her name! Marked "H. Jeaters!" The unfortunate woman had been so proud to marry him that she had got all her clothes marked with the surname in full, and here was he taking for granted the impossibility of identifying what the river should restore.

What was to be done in face of this appalling recollection!

He could not tell. He did not know. When he had a day or two ago thought of such an occurrence as the empty nightgown indicated, he provided in his mind for a nightgown without any mark. Now this extreme occurrence had taken place, and the nightgown was marked "H. Jeaters." What an unfortunate man he was! Could any man be more desperately unfortunate than he!

But stay, he had not examined the sleeping room closely. He had, in fact, no more than looked in and ascertained that no woman was there. He must at once see how matters stood there.

He rose, and taking the lamp left the parlor. It was dark dark in the passage hall of the building. Holding the light above his head he glanced at the opposite side. The trap of the shoot stood up out of the floor like something risen from the earth—risen from the grave in witness against him.

He entered the sleeping room. Once more holding the lamp above his head he looked round.

With a start he approached the bed and stood staring at it out of fixed, distended eyes. If the body of his murdered wife lay there he could not exhibit more signs of horror.

He lowered his raised hand. It shook so violently he had to steady it with the other. To the ordinary eye nothing could be more commonplace or reassuring than the appearance of that bed. It was made in the usual way; the clothes were turned back, and on the turned-down strip of sheet lay folded a couple of nightgowns, one of them marked "H. Jeaters!"

What could this mean?

With a feeble, idiotic stare he looked round once more at the room, and he caught a sheet of paper fixed inside the frame of the mirror on the dressing-table.

There was writing on that paper. He could see so much. With a groan he sank, sitting on the bed.

What could the smooth bed mean? The lonely woman had not dared to lie down. And yet she was not here! Whither had she gone? Where was she now!

What could the writing on that paper mean? She could not bear the house longer, and she had left it. Left, how! Left it, for where!

He could answer either of these questions by walking to the table and reading that paper. But he must wait a while. Partly owing to surprise and partly to this new fear, he could hardly walk, and could not trust himself to another shock. That infernal drug had destroyed his nerves. He could not hold the lamp steadily, even with both hands. The chimney rattled horribly against the globe. All the room seemed trembling with terror.

He put the lamp down on the counterpane beside him, and rested his elbow on the footrail, and his head on his hand.

Pollie had not walked into the open shoot while in a somnambulistic trance. And there were but two ways of exit, either by the side into St. Vincent place, or by the front into the river.

He had told her she was not to show herself at the back or side, and he could count on her obedience, unless she had made up her mind to leave him for ever, a thing not to be thought of. There was therefore no explanation of it but that she, driven crazy by his absence and her horror of the place, had flung herself into the river from the balcony of the little quay below, or down the luggage slide.

If the second solution turned out true (and there seemed no possibility of the other being right), and if the paper on the looking-glass over there was such as he could produce, all would be well, or least safe. He might receive a reprimand for leaving an invalid wife so much to herself; but that would be all, and no one at Furham would be able to identify Edward Fancourt, the theatrical lodger of Muscovy place, with Frank Jeaters, married clerk-in-charge of the St. Vincent Hotel, St. Vincent place, Verdon.

Jeaters rose from the bed, and with hands which had regained steadiness from these reflections took the lamp and approached the table.

Here, beyond all doubt, lay in this brief communication, deliverance complete and final. If it said:

"The loneliness of the place overcame me, and I rushed to my greatest terror, the Thames.

"It would be terrible, but he would be free without much blame, and with no risk.

He reached the dressing-table and put down the lamp. He paused a moment to prolong the anticipation of deliverance now at hand. The light did not fall on the paper so that he could read it as he stood.

In fingers still unsteady he took the paper from the glass and turned it so that the light fell full upon it.

Without a word, without a sign it dropped from his hand and fluttered to the ground. Under his dark skin his face grew pallid. He put his hand on the table to keep himself from falling. He stood motionless, mute, breathless, like one struck with sudden death.

He thought he had prepared himself for all things which could happen, but he had not prepared himself for this.

(To be Continued.)

Cleaver's Juvenia Soap

Marvellous Effect ! !
Preserves and Rejuvenates the Complexion.

DR. REDWOOD'S REPORT.

The Soap is PERFECTLY PURE and ABSOLUTELY NEUTRAL.
JUVENIA SOAP is entirely free from any colouring matter, and contains absolutely the smallest proportion possible of water. From careful analysis and a thorough investigation of the processes of its manufacture, we consider this Soap fully qualified to rank amongst the FIRST OF TOILET SOAPS.—T. Redwood, Ph.D., F.I.C., F.C.S.; T. Hobbs Hobson, F.I.C., F.C.S.; A. J. De Hailes, F.I.C., F.C.S.

Wholesale Representative for Canada—CHARLES GYDE, 33, St. Nicholas St., Montreal.

Getting On.

"They tell me Miss Leigh has been studying vocal music in New York for the past six months. Is there any improvement?" "Yes; very great. Her teacher doesn't allow her to sing at all now."

Magnificent New Vestibule Pullman Sleepers, Toronto to New York.

The Erie Railway have had the Pullman Palace Car Company build two of the finest Pullman sleepers that ever run between Toronto and New York. Every person who ever traveled in a Pullman sleeper will agree with us their improvements, such as plusch and finished in gold plush, drawing-room with annex, ladies' toilet-room with double wash-room, with portiers, hot and cold water, and a well stocked buffa in every sleeper. The scenery along this picturesque route cannot be equalled in the Eastern States. By traveling via this great route you avoid being smothered in soft coal cinders and dust along the road, as they burn nothing but hard coal. Every foot of the road is stone ballast. You must also remember this is also a double track road. The above sleepers leave Toronto at 4.55 p.m., daily, except Sundays.

A View of the World's Fair Buildings,

in the form of a large sized lithograph, in eight colors, with Map on back, can be had by sending your address with twenty cents in postage stamps, to Geo. H. Heafford, G. P. A., Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry, Chicago, Ill. As the supply is limited, applications must be made early. Should the supply become exhausted the postage stamps will be returned to applicant.

No Spendthrift.

Judge—You are begging on the public streets, and yet you had twenty dollars in your pocket.

Prisoner—Yes, judge. I may not be as industrious as some, y'r honor, but I'm no spendthrift.

SAVING AT THE SPIGOT AND WASTING AT THE BUNGHOLE

IS A POOR KIND OF ECONOMY

It is on a par with buying lots of rubbishy soap for little money.

Poor soaps are the "bunghole" through which time and labor are wasted, and by which the clothes and hands are ruined.

SUNLIGHT SOAP Closes the Avenues of Waste and Ruin, and by its lasting properties, its wonderful cleansing powers and perfect purity, it Saves Time & Labor, and brings Comfort & Satisfaction to all who use it.

IT IS TRUE ECONOMY TO USE THE 'Sunlight' TRY IT

WORKS: PT. SUNLIGHT NEAR BIRKENHEAD — LEVER BROS., LIMITED TORONTO

Not so Bad as it Sounded.

A prominent man in the city who is noted for his close-fisted proclivities, is being guyed by a number of his friends. A few days ago he had a row with the directors of his company. It happens that there is a very comely maiden who hammers the keys of a typewriter for the company, and this has worried the avaricious gentleman quite a good deal, as he is of the opinion that a woman's place is at home. He has tried on several occasions to have her salary cut down to almost nothing, and any bills for expenses coming from her are always given the closest scrutiny by him. At the meeting mentioned the directors were auditing bills, and among them was one that read thus: "Ribbon for typewriter, seventy five cents."

When the avaricious gentleman noticed it he was dumbfounded—he could not believe his senses. The idea of the company furnishing the young lady stenographer with ribbon fairly froze him. He was on his feet in an instant, waving his arms like a windmill, and demanding of the secretary if the company was compelled to board and clothe its employees. After he had been laughed at for some minutes it was explained to him that the ribbon was for the machine and not for the operator.—*Grand Forks Herald.*

Her Sorrow.

Jess.—They went to the mountains on their wedding trip, and Ethel was wretched.

Bess.—What was the trouble?

Jess.—George fell in love with the scenery.

At Central Park Springs.

Lady (to boy).—Did you say this was Vichy? It doesn't taste like Vichy.

Boy.—Yes'm; that's Vichy. It's the best Vichy made; and we guarantee it.

In Good Taste.

"Why did she have such a quiet wedding? Anybody dead!"

"No; but her husband was a deaf mute."

FOR THE TEETH & BREATH TEABERRY. PRICE 25 CTS. ZOPESA (HERBACEUS)

ATKINSON'S Parisian Tooth Paste FOR CLEANING THE TEETH. 3 YEARS IN USE

HEREWARD SPENCER & CO. CHAR KE CHARCOAL TORONTO.

AGENCIES: 469 Parliament Street, 453 1-2 Yonge Street

TEA MERCHANTS: 63 1-2 King St. West. Telephone 1907

278 College Street, 1463 Queen Street West

The Edelweiss.

(Translated from the German for Saturday Night)

The morrow would be a feast day and all the girls of the valley would wear in their corselets bunches of flowers which their lovers had plucked for them from the ledges and crags which towered high above their Tyrolesian home.

Kaspar had promised his sweetheart—his Trini, with the hazel eyes, apple bloom cheeks, cherry lips and dark brown tresses—that he would gather for her a bunch of edelweiss which should excel all others.

She had tried to dissuade him from climbing a rocky crag known as Toe Nose, the ascent of which was a very dangerous matter, but he had declared that only high up amid its fastnesses bloomed blossoms worthy of bedecking his queen. Then he had kissed her passionately and bounded away up the slope, and now quick as a chamois he was bounding from rock to rock and ledge to ledge, gathering the star flowers.

Below him misty cloudlets floated, veiling the valley, but as he knelt upon a small plateau to arrange his flowers, they seemed to dissipate and he saw clearly his cottage nestling far below, amid the verdure of the valley. Soon his bouquet would be complete and he would return. How dear to him was that humble cottage, dearer because it would soon be shared by his Trini, and harboring these tender thoughts he knelt dreaming day dreams of after years.

The sun had begun to decline towards the west, and he knew that he must soon commence his return journey. He fastened the flowers upon his hat and was about to descend, when he espied a cluster of edelweiss of most bewitching beauty, the like of which he had never seen before.

Upon a little ledge some inches square, which jutted out from the cliff, they rested invitingly and daring any one to pluck them, for far below as the eye could pierce the opaque shadow there was no bottom to the small abyss which protected them from the ravages of man.

Within him there grew a desire to possess the flowers, but his eye measured the distance and he knew that they were beyond his reach. He sat gazing at them, his desire increasing until it forced him to attempt to pluck them.

Grasping a large stone with one hand to sustain his weight, he leaned over the abyss. The ends of his fingers were within two inches of the coveted blossoms. He grasped the rock lower down, and lurching forward strained every sinew of his powerful frame to span the distance, but try as he would he could not pluck them, so he drew himself back and rested, then renewed his efforts.

From afar a returning chamois hunter watched him through his glass. He saw him fasten his belt around the boulder and again try to reach the flower. He saw him pluck them and then try to pull himself back to the ledge, but the strain was too great upon the rock, and it became dislodged from its place—he was precipitated down into the yawning chasm.

Hurrying down from his place of observation, the Gemsjager descended into the ravine, hoping to render him assistance, but when he reached him life was extinct. He found only a corpse, mangled and bruised but still gripping in one hand a bunch of flowers, the flowers which had cost him his young life.

The pleasure of presenting them to his Trini had been wrested from him, but when his body was borne to the valley, she extricated them from his grasp and covered them with passionate kisses. Henceforward they were to be her talisman against evil. When she kissed them it brought back fond memories of his kisses. When she grew heartsick and weary she kissed them the oftener, and gazing up at a gilded cross which had been erected upon the spot from which he had fallen she would ask God to take her to himself.

The summer passed and winter closed down upon the valley, a wasting disease began its undermining process, and when the valley again took on the emerald robe of springtime she was summoned away—a gracious All-Father granted her wish.

HARRY A. BROWN.

Telling the News.

"Have you heard the news?" she asked as she burst into the family circle like a flower in full bloom, a peony at that.

"No, what is it? What's happened? Somebody married? Do tell us quick!"

"Wait till I get my breath! I never was so flustrated in my life! I've just heard of it, and I could not believe my own ears. After the way she cut up, too. Oh, it's dreadful! What is this world coming to?"

"But won't you tell us what it is, Aunt Jerushy? We're just dying to know."

"And I'm just dying to tell you, I'm sure, but can't you see that I haven't a mite of breath left to tell it with? Oh, dear! Oh, dear! It does seem as if my heart would stop beating. And after she had run away time and again, too—oh, dear!"

"It's the colonel—he's taken her back again," said one member of the family to the other; "shameful, isn't it?"

"And she kicked," continued Aunt Jerushy, closing her eyes; "oh, how she did kick!"

"I don't see what she had to kick about," said one of the girls sharply; "I should think he'd be the one to kick. The idea!"

"And she ran away four different times to my certain knowledge—once with Alf Marsh once with Lem Slack——"

"She never did! I think it's real mean of you to say that, Aunt Jerushy," said the pride of the family, putting her apron to her eyes, "and I'll tell Lem as soon as he comes, see if I don't!"

"Law, child, that ain't nothin'. It didn't hurt Lem any."

"It didn't? I'd like to know if it didn't. Do you s'pose I'm going to marry him now!"

"Law sakes, what on earth has that to do with you marrying Lem? The colonel's got her now, and is going to keep her, but I must say I was surprised, and she such a kicker, to say nothing of her running away."

"I never heard of her running away but once, and I didn't know as Lem had ever seen her. I never heard a word against her, only that she didn't like the colonel's ways, and wouldn't live with him."

"Merciful sakes, she couldn't choose who she could live with—just as if she were a human being," gasped Aunt Jerushy; "what are you talking about?"

"The colonel's wife," chimed in the family.

"I'm talking about that old yellow mare that I bought of him, and nearly everybody in town has owned, and now he's taken her back, 'cause she's old and ugly, and is going to give her a good home for the rest of her life, and I'm clean beat trying to make out why he did it." And Aunt Jerushy fanned herself with redoubled vigor.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Those Open-Air Corsets

The summer girl is out with a new wrinkle. It discounts the suspender by about one hundred per cent., although the shoulder straps are pressed into service in conjunction with it.

The new idea is nothing more nor less than a pair of corsets worn outside the blouse.

A reporter encountered the new wrinkle yesterday on a bridge train and sustained quite a severe shock. A pretty little girl entered the car, carrying a violin case. She was dressed in cool summer attire, consisting of a plain skirt and a blouse of the same material.

Between the open edges of the blazer front a bit of the same material could be seen, which looked very much like a wide belt. The observer would never have known whether it was belt or what it was had not the fair wearer been heated and removed her blazer, throwing it over her arm in true man fashion.

Then it was seen that the girl had on a pair of corsets outside of her blouse. They were made of the same material as the rest of the costume, of regulation height, and were separated in front, being laced together with a silken cord.

The removal of the blazer created a sensation in the car. A couple of young men snickered; an elderly gentleman, who wore flowing whiskers and looked like a Jerseyman, glanced at the girl over his spectacles, and then, turning very red, fixed his eyes on the floor.

A matronly old lady started to speak to the summer girl, but was refrained by her daughter, who said:

"Oh, no, ma; there's no mistake. She wears them that way purposely."

"Law sakes!" commented the old lady, and looked both puzzled and disgusted.

The strangeness of the costume was increased by having a pair of blue silk suspenders, buckles and all, fastened to the top of the corsets, both front and back. It was a question whether the suspenders sustained the corsets or *vice versa.*

Caution.

School-teacher—I hear you have sickness at home. What's the matter?
Jennie—Mom's got twins; but it ain't ketchin'.—*Judge.*

His Credit Was Ruined

The manager of the collection department rushed into the office and asked excitedly:

"Have we an account against Dunfer?"

"Yes," replied the head bookkeeper, looking up. "He owes us something like five hundred dollars."

"Give me the bill," exclaimed the manager.

"What's the matter? Has he busted?"

"No, no! Don't stop to ask questions! There's no time to lose."

He danced nervously about the office while the bill was being made out; then grabbed it and rushed out.

When he returned he was perspiring freely, but seemed to feel easier.

"I've given it to a lawyer," he said, "and he'll sue at once."

"Do you think he's going to skip?" asked the head bookkeeper.

"I don't know what he's going to do," replied the manager, "but I'm taking no chances. I heard him referred to in a political speech today. The speaker spoke of him as a man of sterling integrity and honest impulses."

"Yes?"

"He said he had always paid dollar for dollar, and owed no man even for a vote."

"Well?"

"Then he went on to say that George Washington wasn't in it with him in upright business methods; that he was the North Star in the firmament of an honorable business world; that he was a friend of the unfortunate—a man who never took advantage of another in his life, and who had not a penny of ill-gotten wealth."

"What of it?"

"What of it!" exclaimed the manager scornfully. "When it's necessary to dilate on a man's honesty in a political speech there's something wrong with his record or there's going to be mighty soon."

Aphorisms.

If poverty is the mother of crimes, want of sense is the father.—*La Bruyère.*

The only worthy end of all learning, of all science, of all life, in fact, is that human beings should love one another better. Culture, merely for culture's sake, can never do anything but a sapless root, capable of producing at best a shriveled branch.—*John Walter Cross.*

Danger for danger's sake is senseless.—*Leigh Hunt.*

Diligence is the mother of good fortune.—*Cervantes.*

The sense of duty is the fountain of human rights. In other words, the same inward principle that teaches the former bears witness to the latter. Duties and rights must stand and fall together.—*Channing.*

They are as sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing.—*Shakespeare.*

Next in importance to freedom and justice is popular education, without which neither freedom nor justice can be permanently maintained.—*Garfield.*

Charity is a virtue of the heart and not of the hands.—*Addison.*

In No Hurry.

The boy was sitting lazily in the stern of a boat dangling his feet in the water, when a man from the dock called sharply to him:

"What are you doing there?" he said.

"Nothin," responded the boy.

"Do you get any pay for it?"

"Nope," and he drew one foot out of the water ready to run if need were.

"Why don't you go to work?"

"Will you give me a job?"

"Yes."

"S'ready?"

"Yes."

"Pay anything?"

"Well, no," hesitated the man, "not the first week."

"How about the second?"

"Then I will."

"All right; I'll come around the second week. This is good enough for me now," and the boy stuck the foot back in the water and winked at the man on the dock.

Of Course He Is.

Mabel—He is such a delightful fellow, but the trouble is we don't know whether he is married or single.

Her Cousin Tom—Is he very attractive?—willing to come or go—anxious to obey your lightest wish?

Mabel—Yes, he is.

Her Cousin Tom—Courageous in telling you how lovely you are, and what an influence such a woman would have over a man's life? Ready, in fact, to prostrate himself at your feet?

Mabel—That just expresses it.

Her Cousin Tom—Then, he's married!

Mastered all the Details.

Guest—Why do you insist on payment in advance? I have baggage.

Hotel Clerk—If the hotel should burn down the baggage would be destroyed. We understand our business, sir.

Sectional Beauty.

Pencille—Pretty picture, by Jove, old man. Who was the model?

Gamboge—Well, I got the right leg at Long Branch, and the left one at Bar Harbor. The arms and bust I got at the Van Bentsavelor reception. The head is that of a pretty cousin of mine, and the rest of the figure is from some old studies.

A Longer Word.

Miss Bleecker (patting her friend on the shoulder)—Never say die!

Miss Emerson (of Boston)—I do not. I always say expire.

A Terrible Disappointment.

Mrs. Greyneck—Way, Johnny, what makes you feel so bad?

Johnny—Boo-hoo! Grandpa just fell down on us we—wet walk and got his clothes all mud.

Mrs. Greyneck—I am so glad, my child, to find you kind-hearted and sympathetic.

Johnny—Ye-ye-yes; and sister saw him and I—I didn't.

It Hadn't a Handle.

She—Can you play the organ, count?

Count—Not dese kind.

A Desirable Fabric.

"Look here, Jacob, this suit I got from you has all faded out."

"Mein friendt, dot vos all right. Dey vos made from de new und stylish shangeable goots. Your friendts dink you have two or dree suits as dose colors shange, don't it?"

The Desideratum.

Growells—You ought to send these poems of yours to some editor.

Vowells—Do you think they would be published?

Growells—No; but they might be edited!

To be Taken for Granted.

"Won't you let me kiss you just once, Minnie?"

"Why, Harry! That is not a proper thing to ask a young lady!"

Summer Engagements.

Beach—These seaside hotels are mere boxes.

Sands—Yes. Boxes of matches.

Information Gratis.

"Who was Balaam?"

"He was the first Vicar of Bray."

Experience Needed.

"Her cake is dough."

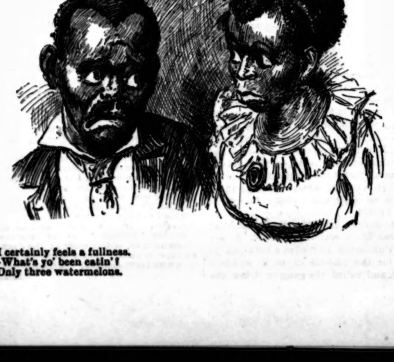
"Yes; but, poor thing, she hasn't been married very long!"

Rhymes For ——.

Poet (in a hurry)—I can't seem to think straight to day! Give me a rhyme for blank, will you, Professor?

Prof. Ane—Ham, Ram, Sam.

A Fullness Rather.



He—I certainly feels a fullness.
She—What's yo' been eatin'?
He—Only three watermelons.

AYER'S PILLS

Unlike other aperients, strengthen the excretory organs and restore their natural and regular action. For the cure of constipation, biliousness, sick headache, nausea, indigestion, and all irregularities of the stomach, liver, and bowels, Ayer's Pills are unsurpassed. They are recommended by prominent medical men, as the safest and most efficient cathartic for family and general use, and are everywhere ranked among the most popular of domestic remedies.

The Best Family Medicine

"For over twenty years, I have used Ayer's Cathartic Pills in my family, and have never known them fail to master the trouble for which they are taken. I should not feel safe to be without them."—J. W. L. Porter, North Ogden, Mich.

"I have used Ayer's Pills in my family for several years, and have always found them most effectual in the relief of ailments arising from a disordered stomach, torpid liver, and constipated bowels."—Charles J. Booth, Olivewood, Pasadena P. O., Cal.

"I have been selling Ayer's medicines for eight years and can safely say that Ayer's Pills give better satisfaction than any other."—J. J. Perry, Spottsylvania C. H., Va.

"I consider Ayer's Pills superior to any other."—Dr. George P. Spencer, Unity, N. H.

"I use Ayer's Pills in my practice, and find them to be safe, mild, and efficient."—Dr. Charles Ryan, Elma, Miss.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Every Dose Effective

The Man Who

"Knows Enough to Come in when it Rains!"

(when he is not properly clad) is the very person who most appreciates the utility of the

Melissa Rainproof Coats

But even the most unthinking mind realizes that when a MELISSA COAT will fully answer the purpose of a warm, comfortable Overcoat and a Rainproof Coat at the same time, it is certainly the cheapest and best garment to buy.

No other fabric is so suitable for **LADIES' OLOAKINGS** and **MEN'S WRAPS** as Melissa.

All genuine Porous Rainproof Cloths are stamped in wax with the Melissa trade mark seal, and Melissa Garments have the above trade mark label attached.

THE MELISSA MANUFACTURING CO., MONTREAL.

It Must Have Play.

"Why, Mr. Howlers, the ladies are shocked that you sing without a collar. You'll ruin the musicals."

Mr. Howlers—Can't help it. When I sing my larynx goes up and down like a thermometer.

A Healthy and Delicious Beverage.

Menier Chocolate. Learn to make a real cup of chocolate by addressing C. Alfred Chouillou, Montreal, and get free samples with directions.

No!

Frank (tenderly).—What would you say if I asked you to marry me?

May (coldly)—Just as little as possible.

A Graduate of Toronto University Says:

"My children have been treated with Scott's Emulsion from their earliest years! Our physician first recommended it, and now, whenever a child takes cold, my wife immediately resorts to this remedy, which always affects a cure."

Authorized Canadian edition. Stevenson's new romance, The Wrecker, by Robert Louis Stevenson. Mr. Stevenson's thrilling romance of the South Seas has been universally pronounced the most absorbing piece of fiction of the year, while appearing in *Scribner's Magazine.* It is a story of daring adventure, of lost treasure, of shipwreck, of rescue and mutiny, worthy to rank with Kidnapped and Treasure Island. Toronto: The National Publishing Company.

Mars.

Telescope Fakir—Step right up, ladies and gents, and view the planet Mars. Five cents, mum.

Old Lady—Oh, laws! hain't it round and slimy!

Telescope Fakir—Will the bald-headed gent please step away from in front of the instrument!

Consumption

is oftentimes absolutely cured in its earliest stages by the use of that wonderful

Food Medicine,

Scott's Emulsion

which is now in high repute the world over.

"CAUTION."—Beware of substitutes. Genuine prepared by Scott & Bowne, Belleville. Sold by all druggists. 50c. and $1.00.

The Convenience of Fashion

Mr. McFad—By jove, I've burst my suspenders.

Mrs. McFad—Take mine. I will use your sash.

A Better Fit.

Adeline—What would you do if you were in my shoes?

Madge (after a glance at them)—Get a pair about four sizes smaller.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

SPECIAL NOTICE

Complying with general request,

BEECHAM'S PILLS

will in future for the United States be covered with

A Tasteless and Soluble Coating,

completely disguising the taste of the Pill without in any way impairing its efficacy.

Wholesale Agts., Evans & Sons, Ld, Montreal.
For sale by all druggists.

For Spring and Summer.

DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE

NATURE'S GREAT RESTORER!

Delightfully Refreshing.

BY ALL CHEMISTS.

The High Speed Family Knitter

Price $2

Will knit a stocking heel and toe in ten minutes. Will knit everything required in the household from homespun or factory. Coarse or fine yarns. The most practical knitter on the market. A child can operate it. Strong, Durable, Simple, Rapid. Satisfaction guaranteed or no pay. Agents wanted. For particulars and sample work, address,

Cardon & Gearhart, Dundas, Ont., Canada.

Can You Read This?

I cannot praise your Pimple Pills enough for what they have done for me. My face was covered with Pimples and I was ashamed to go out, besides they were very sore. My sister, Mrs. Fish, advised me to try your Pills, and after using one bottle I was a great deal better and the second bottle has cured me. My face is just as smooth as it ever was. Anyone with Pimples should try your Pimple Pills.

MISS JESSIE BARLEY,
Lachute Mills, P. Q.

To HATTIE & MYLIUS, HALIFAX
Proprietors of
POWELL'S PIMPLE PILLS.

Pino's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

The Toronto Saturday Night

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

TELEPHONE 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	$2 00
Six Months	1 00
Three Months	50

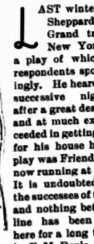
Delivered in Toronto, 50c. per annum extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (Ltd.), Prop'rs.

VOL. V] TORONTO, SEPT. 24, 1892. [No. 44

The Drama.



LAST winter Manager Sheppard of the Grand traveled to New York to hear a play of which his correspondents spoke flatteringly. He heard it on two successive nights, and after a great deal of worry and at much expense succeeded in getting it booked for his house here. That play was Friends, which is now running at the Grand. It is undoubtedly one of the successes of the season, and nothing better in the line has been produced here for a long time. The drama was written by E. M. Royle, who plays the part of John Paden, Jr., and he has very cleverly put together an attractive plot, with bright, crisp dialogue. Not only is the play good, but it is put on by an exceptionally strong group of actors. Selina Fetters, who takes the *role* of Marguerite Otto, is a gifted woman, of fine presence, and her part could never be improved in other hands. Joseph Wheelock and Theodore Hamilton are men of the very first class, while Lucius Henderson and E. M. Royle are decidedly above the average of those who play such parts as theirs. The curtain rises upon a meagrely furnished room, occupied by John, jr., and Adrian Karje, who are the Friends. The last named of the two is presented in a state of anxiety over the absence of the former, who is wearing the firm's clothes, they having but one decent suit between them. When one is out, the other is forced to go to bed or sit in the room, robed in a disheveled dressing-gown. The dialogue between the two is particularly bright all through. They both love the same woman, Miss Otto, and Paden resolves to conceal his affection for the sake of his friend. This is not a new idea for stage presentation, but the originality comes in in the way it is worked out. Hans Otto, of course, is in the power of Harold Hunting, a wealthy theater manager, and the latter knows that Miss Otto is not Hans' daughter, but in reality the daughter of a German Count, who died long ago leaving a large property. He must marry the girl to get the money, and in the usual idiotic method of villains, proceeds to grind the father into forcing the daughter's affections. Hunting piles the weak father with liquor and opium and precipitates his death. While confined in Hunting's house Otto indulges in an outburst of fury and, picking up a knife, threatens to escape even at the price of murder. No finer bit of tragic acting has been seen here for some time than Wheelock gave just at this point. He portrayed the agony of an opium fiend without exaggerating it into repulsiveness. In preventing Hans from being recovered by the friends, Hunting shoots at Karje, blinding him, and in the closing scene Paden, jr., brings about a reconciliation between his friend and Marguerite, who had been sundered by the unjust jealousy of Karje—jealousy carefully aroused by the machinations of Hunting, who compromised the girl in her lover's eyes. Old man Paden is sublimely funny in the last act, where he pardons his son for the unnatural crime of supporting himself without paternal assistance. In pardoning his son for the further atrocity of writing poetry he showed, to my notion, the very depths of a doting father's love. Friends had a good average house Monday evening, but it will be a strange thing if the Grand is not crowded to the doors in the performances towards the end of the week. There will be no encouragement for local managers to bring new plays here if Friends is allowed to depart with its merits unrecognized and Manager Sheppard a loser.

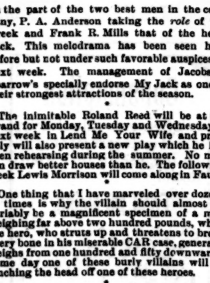
Dr. W. F. Carver's play, The Scout, will suit a big class of the community, and is consequently drawing good houses at the Academy. It contains one piece of realism that easily discounts anything I have yet seen. I refer to the place where the scout's horse goes through the bridge and falls fifteen feet into the river. The river is a deep tank with a slanting edge, and when the horse drops he disappears beneath the surface, comes up with his ears back and his neck craned forward and swims out. It is something decidedly new. The tableaux are very striking and spirited, but the one thing that suited me most about The Scout is this, that while about fifty people were armed continually with knives, revolvers and rifles, there is no butchery business. There are more expiring groans and reeking daggers in the ordinary society play than there are in this representation of the wild and woolly West. The actors are merciful to one another and to the audience. The stage appearance of Miss Lena Salinger was such that I should not be surprised if some foolish young girls should be so impressed as to steal a horse from a bread wagon and start for the West, where women dress so jauntily and are in such eager demand. Carver himself is a fine-looking fellow and a capital shot, as everybody knows, but I do not consider him a little bit of an actor. He is far too self conscious. He appears on the stage in a deprecating way, as though he were half ashamed of himself and afraid someone in the audience would recognize him. But perhaps the crowd regard him as a real plainsman who cannot act and prefer him to a good actor who never saw the plains. Perhaps Carver shows true art in exhibiting none. How is that for a paradox? One thing that struck me Tuesday night was that the Western air seemed to have played havoc with the voices of some of the ranchmen, Finnigan and Donderhelm; and another thing which made a great impression upon me was the altogether singular and comic-opera antics whereby an imperiled band of settlers moved into the cabin to dinner. They used polka, waltz and pivot movements, step dances and stumbles—they got there, it is true, but in funny and unexpected methods. It was a revelation to me and should convince one that he is never too old to learn new things about distant peoples. Seriously, though, with this one exception, there was nothing of the incongruous introduced for effect. The scenes were all out West, and everything was legitimately Western. F. D. Summerfield, as Cherokee Jake, possesses more of the instincts of the actor than anyone in the company. There is something attractive about these wild West shows, and in these days when we see Indians riding around in electric cars going to museums and theaters to be stared at, we can profitably reflect upon the great changes that have taken place since the day, four centuries ago, when the New World was discovered. The redskin is now nearly as much of a wonder to us as were our paleface ancestors to the red men of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

*

Richard Golden's delineation of the character of an old Bucksport temperance hotel-keeper is a bit of fine work which no one who admires a good thing should allow to pass unseen. Jed Prouty keeps the village hotel—not a drinking resort, but a place where meals and a night's lodging may be had. Liquor is not mentioned, save when Jed speaks regretfully of one who has gone to the bad in the way of taking to drink. The landlord is a simple souled man, whose ambitions are no larger than his environments, and in the quiet humdrum of his native village his life has been a fairly happy and an eminently just one. With ready hand he pays the fine imposed upon the mischievous orphan who rang a false alarm of fire, and with a little sneaking vanity he tried his eloquence upon the magistrate, shaping his discourse after the style of the village preacher and the orators in the local debating school. The scene in the magistrate's room is so true that it must recall to many who witness it somewhat similar scenes, for, there is the magistrate, conscious of his importance but not showing it too much; there is the village constable and town crier, conscious of his importance and showing it with all his might; and there are the witnesses and loungers trying their best to feel overcome by the majesty of the law but unable to subdue their familiarity with Zack Wilcox and Squire Todd. Every minute or two the awful decorum which Zack seeks to maintain in the place is violated by everybody talking at once and rashly chinning the magistrate. It is very amusing where Jed and Zack have an argument and the latter tries to silence the former as though it were high treason or malfeasance or some other big-named and atrocious crime for a private citizen to contradict a man who is town crier and constable both in one and duly sworn. The same big four, with Golden in the lead, who were here last year, are here again. Jacobs & Sparrow's have had good attractions so far this season, but nothing of so much quiet merit as Jed Prouty. It wears extremely well.

*

My Jack, which will appear at Jacobs & Sparrow's next week, is a scenic melodrama that cannot very well be surpassed. It has twelve different stage settings, painted by the late Matt Morgan, and among the scenes introduced is the little fishing village of Falmouth on the Cornish coast, during a thunderstorm; the deck of a British man-of-war ready for action; a moonlight view of a British camp in Africa, then a desolate scene upon the arid, scorched and blistered desert, only relieved by the figures of two men, parched and hungry and about to die on the sands. The latter calls for the most intense acting



on the part of the two best men in the company, P. A. Anderson taking the *role* of the Greek and Frank R. Mills that of the hero, Jack. This melodrama has been seen here before but not under such favorable auspices as next week. The management of Jacobs & Sparrow's specially endorse My Jack as one of their strongest attractions of the season.

*

The inimitable Roland Reed will be at the Grand for Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week in Lend Me Your Wife and probably will also present a new play which he has been rehearsing during the summer. No man can draw better houses than he. The following week Lewis Morrison will come along in Faust.

*

One thing that I have marveled over dozens of times is why the villain should almost invariably be a magnificent specimen of a man weighing far above two hundred pounds, while the hero, who struts up and threatens to break every bone in his miserable CAR case, generally weighs from one hundred and fifty downwards. Some day one of these burly villains will be pinching the head off one of these heroes.

*

Last season there was a play here—I just now forget what name it wore—and on the programme appeared this notice: "The public will please bear in mind that three years elapse between each act." Now that is too long to expect people to sit quietly in their seats. At the different theaters this week the periods between acts have not been quite so long, but they have been a little too long at all three houses. Where people have nothing to do but sit and stare at the drop curtain the waits should be very brief.

MACK.

The Gypsy Wagon—No. 4.

Telling how they traded a Blind Horse of high degree for a Kicker—Felix resumes male attire.

BY MACK.

THE balance of the Sabbath was spent quietly save for occasional groups of young farmers coming along and chatting with our friends the gypsies, and awesomely eying the mysterious wagon. After an uneventful night they were up early and ready for the road, and as full of fun as four young kittens. Old Telfer had never become reconciled to the female disguise worn by Felix, and thought the moment a good one for offering a friendly suggestion that he should resume male habit. At last Felix consented to leave it to a vote, whereupon Casey and Simpson supported Telfer and the offending dress, shawl and wig were rolled up and stuffed into one of the boxes. Felix said he yielded easy, because all night he had been dreaming of an enormous, mis-shapen and demoniacal goose pursuing him with wild cries and he couldn't run on account of his dress getting tangled around his feet. He interpreted this as a warning, he laughingly explained.

Ah, if he could at that instant have penetrated the veil of the future would not that laugh have frozen on his lips and hung in icicles of mirth from his blanched face and trembling chin! But I anticipate, as May Agnes Fleming would say.

"Look here, fellow," exclaimed Casey, when they had traveled down the Kingston road a couple of miles, "if we're going to trade horses and barter tinware for eggs we had better start and get on hands in. Here comes a old codger with a horse that should trade about even with Staggers, back there. Tell Sampy to pick his ears up and make Staggers look stylish."

THE DEMON.

The old codger had a horse which ran largely to joints—one of those white wrecks of horses that seem to have never been colts and which never die, so far as we know.

"Want to trade, mister?" called Casey.

"I don't think so!"

"We're cram full of sudden deal this morning, old boy."

"Well, I've no use for three hosses and that's the fack, gents."

"Come off," said Old Telfer. "Now, you don't suppose we want to trade our three steppers for that bouquet of swollen joints? Look at that beast hitched to the sulky—pretty as a picture—examine him, pardner, no tricks. He's got a pedigree, too, that you could easily mortgage—he was sired by Collapse, he by Calamity, he by Casualty, he by Calithumpian, he by Caution, he by Badwind, he by One eye, he by Heavo and he by Squizzdik's imported Hambletonian."

Sampson's eyes were like saucers as Telfer sang off this imposing pedigree; Casey pinched his pipe very demurely, and Felix pinched Telfer and whispered him to "go at him again, old boy."

"He's got good blood on the mother's side, too," added Telfer. "His dam was Sunlight, she by Window, he by Lookout, he by Seelt, he by Getit, he by Starvit, he by Bollit, he by Soapit, he by Mottled, he by imported Sir Sude—two strains, you see, that can't be beat."

"How much to boot?"

"You've got the pedigree to boot—we're throwing that in," said Felix. "If it ain't enough we'll wind Telfer up again. Take another whirl, old man."

Sampson suggested that they throw in a dipper and a couple of milk pans, and the tinware was forthwith produced and inspected.

"You've got a cullender there. Throw that in, too, to carry the pedigree, and you kin unhitch." The old codger never left his ramshackle buggy while Casey and Telfer changed the animals. Sampson thought it wasn't square not to mention the fact that Staggers was stone blind, but when his new roadster began to fall behind the wagon a long distance and no amount of switching could force it off a walk, his conscience became easier and he wondered if a still, small voice troubled the old codger. At last, going down a hill, he got mad and straddling the horse and standing on the shafts he belabored it about the ears with the butt end of the whip and, glory! it trotted. This success caused him to loudly yell to the others for applause, and as they looked he cracked the beast's ears with the whip once more. Then a truly marvelous sight was witnessed by the occupants of the wagon. The old gray stopped, then it kicked real hard, smashing the dashboard off the sulky, and Sampson flew violently over its head, rolling into a shallow pool of green water by the roadside. The animal, relieved of a weight on its back, kicked higher next time and spreading out got one foot outside of each shaft and fell on its head.

SATURDAY.

Sampson was soaking wet, speechless but unhurt. One shaft was broken, but Casey soon wound it about with a cord and suggested that Telfer drive the sulky, as Sampson was his first choice of all men in America for the important post of sitting in the wagon and giving him (Casey, who was driving) prompt warning should one of the hind wheels come off. That delicate duty required a man with wet gravel in his hair, a few handfuls of water in his pockets and a University education, according to Casey's notion. He would no more think of trusting it to a man who hadn't wet gravel in his hair and who wasn't a B.A., than of leaving it to the dog Saturday. Sampson asked Casey to give him a rest, but the latter insisted upon him commencing his new job at once, and on second thought added that a man to do it well ought to fill his belt with revolvers and knives, and have his rifle ready so that he could shoot out and light on his feet if the wagon upset.

All of which was very mean of Casey and intended to be sarcastic and bitingly funny. It was a way he had.

Felix shouldered a lot of tinware and peddled it in and out of several farmhouses. At one place near Dunbarton he traded a milk-pan to a woman for the amount of milk which it would hold, and called the gang to drink the milk, which they were not long in doing. The swelled-out feeling which the big drink occasioned prompted Sampson to remark that it was great fun getting kicked out of a sulky, and he would be willing to gypsy it for the balance of his days.

Alas! he little knew the terrible termination which would overtake their outing on the morrow and make the word "gypsy" repulsive to him for-ev-er-r-r!

But I must cheese these forebodings.

They camped Monday evening on the bank of Duffin's Creek, on the flats near Pickering, having only traveled a short distance because of the amount of trading done during the day. Old Telfer had exchanged one of Sampson's revolvers for a plump little spring pig, which was carefully boarded up in a box. The other gleanings of the day were a couple of hens, three dozen eggs, an armful of green corn for roasting on the coals and some potatoes for similar use.

Late at night, after having lounged in heavy villain style around the bar-rooms of the village hotels, they rolled their quilts around them and slept. Napoleon's army slept the night before Waterloo and condemned murderers have done the same the night before mounting the gallows, though, to be sure, some of them have dreamed of long necked giraffes and elastic-necked circus men as if the mind were solicitous about the fashion in neck-wear proposed for the morrow.

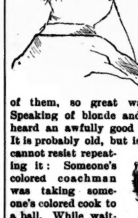
Casey slept with his feet gently crossed on Sampson's bosom; Felix slept with his crossed on the capacious front of Old Telfer, and if they dreamt their dreams are unknown to their faithful historian.

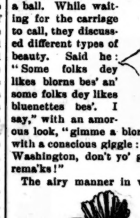
(To be Continued.)

Crotchets and Quavers.

I wonder if there were many of the large audience who greeted the Black Patti on Wednesday evening, who enjoyed it as intensely as I did? I don't exactly know with what sort of expectations I went, but I came away more than delighted with the lovely voice and good-natured face of Patti. Being Farmer's Day, the rustic element was largely represented. The young man with no less than two whole girls to himself was there, passing brilliantly colored, but decidedly dangerous looking sweets back and forth, which the girls took and chewed with evident enjoyment and reckless disregard of the after consequences.

And then the darkies! They were everywhere; some so far back that their teeth and eyes played a generous part in assisting one to locate them. One couple in particular drew my attention. She was very black, but she had an eye for contrasts. Her hat was a "thing of joy" in black and white, and she wore a Psyche knot, while a "coon" boa enveloped her dusky throat. Her attendant swain was several shades lighter in color (one might almost call him a blonde), and they were evidently in the first stage of "love's young dream," as after they sat down I was enabled to get a fairly good sketch of them, so great was their abstraction. Speaking of blonde and brunette darkies, I heard an awfully good story the other day. It is probably old, but is so ridiculous that I cannot resist repeating it: Someone's colored coachman was taking someone's colored cook to a ball. While waiting for the carriage to call, they discussed different types of beauty. Said he: "Some folks dey likes blorns bes' an' some folks dey likes bluenettes bes'. I say," with an amorous look, "gimme a blorn every time!" She, with a conscious giggle: "Laws, Mista Geo'ge Washington, don't yo' git so pussonal in yo' rema'ks!"





The airy manner in which Mr. Torrington wielded his baton elicited a good deal of admiration from the rustics around and about me. One woman said: "My! Ain't he got the white hand?" The Patti herself looked like a tropical bird or queen of some tribe in her gorgeous gown of red and yellow, with her numerous medals and bracelets. The look of barbaric splendor about her quite fascinated me. But her singing! Where among us do you get the "heart" quality, that plaintive quality of tone that is characteristic of her race in their singing? Her Home Sweet Home was a sermon, and many went away on Wednesday evening feeling better after hearing it, I am sure.

Now, I don't wish to take away from Mr. Torrington's evident feeling of satisfaction and pride in his orchestra, but I did hear a woman say, coming out of the Auditorium, "I think that o'kestra most too large for the hall, an' they didn't ought to play so loud!" Another couple liked the concert well enough, but both preferred "orotory" music, and as an instrument the "coronet" was far superior to the "saxaphone," while most of the darkies wore an expression of "De Patti kin walk all around de white trash singers!" on their countenances.

ROSALIND.

A Dark Day.

For Saturday Night.

The bright sunshine is gone—the forming rain
Bursts from the clouds and falls to earth again;
In heavy layers the vapors slowly rise
And hide the mountain's base from human eyes.
And high above the craggy peaks are seen,
Without a tint of sunny brown or green—
But gray, and cold, and chilling, and below—
Dim, misty, undefined—the tall trees grow,
And raise their forms as though to shield from hurt
The tender flowers bespashed with mud and dirt.

In yonder neighboring field the horses feed,
To storm and rain but little giving heed;
The juicy blades of grass, alone, they quest,
And wander, thankful, for a day of rest,
Removed from all the care that daily fills
The soul of man—from trouble—from those ills
He seeks in vain to flee from—from the strife,
Discomforts and annoyances of life.
No thought do they unto the morrow give,
And they, their wants supplied, contented live;
Theirs not the cry, "Where shall I lay my head?
Where, on the cons ing night, shall be my bed?"
No thought disturbs them, they're content to roam
Free from the worry and cares of home;
Theirs not the fate to daily scheme and plan
How they may best defraud their fellowman—
Rob him of those things which are his by birth,
And make the life God gave him "hell on earth."

The cattle starve not—driven from soil
By crafty beast more capable of toil;
They claim no more than what supports their life,
Nor seek to take more than they need by strife;
Pleased with enough, no grasping thought intrudes
The spirit of the beast—no evil broods.
And can a God look down with favoring smile
And see the evil wrought by human guile?

No wonder Heaven's black and tear drops fall,
And pitying angels weep as they view all
The evil stirred by avarice and greed
By mortal, seeking more than he can need
And watching others fall—himself at ease—
Without a soul to lose or God to please.

Written one day in August, 1892. The opening scene is descriptive of the view from the artist's bedroom window at the Harrison House, Chilliwack, B. C.

MAX MACKENSIE.

Saturday Night.

For Saturday Night.

The fair fields are bathed in the evening sun,
The woods they are glorious with song,
The farmer returns from his day's work well done
To meet his own welcoming throng.

The week's end has come, the week's work is o'er,
The peace of the Sabbath drawn near,
The tools are laid by, the best gear from the drawer
Brushed, and ready for Sabbath day's wear.

The careful house-wife, with duster and broom
Has banished the dirt from each part,
And garnished and swept, she has her best room,
The pride of her house-wifely heart.

In front of the stove, near the prim kitchen's hearth,
Towel, wash tub and sponge are all there,
A naked young rascal is having his bath
While others wait by on the chair.

And what sight on earth is there fairer to see,
Robed in gowns so spotless and white,
Than such angel-like forms, pure, innocent, free,
Off to bed—with "Mother, good night!"

The boys and the girls, who to older years grown,
Through the town are wending their way,
In twos and in threes, promenade up and down,
With joking and mirth end the day.

The great trees in the woods they nod their tall eaves,
Where maiden and lover are seen,
As they hear the old tale, as it goes breath their leaves,
The same tale that ever has been.

And when does the oft smoked old pipe taste so sweet,
Repose feel so honestly won,
As when wife by his side, his dog at his feet,
John smokes, with his week's work all done?

All praise be to Him who has giv'n us the rest,
The Sabbath day's truce from Life's fight;
Praise, too, be to Him who has giv'n, with his best,
The pleasures of Saturday night.

W. B.

'Tis Sweet to Love.

For Saturday Night.

'Tis sweet to love, e'en though the fond emotion
Finds no response in those we hold so dear;
E'en though the object of our deep devotion
Repay with scorn the tender pleading tear.
It matters not how vain the aspiration,
Nor yet how cold our passion's dreams may prove,
Betrayed, rejected, doomed to desolation
The spirit still doth find 'tis sweet to love.

'Tis sweet to love though every hope has perished
That love engrafted in the feeling soul,
Though all delight and consolation cherished
Hath drooped and withered, 'neath its strange control.
The native heart, its fatal sway dividing,
Conceives no power that might the spell remove,
And when at last it breaks, all unexpiring,
In grieving accents breathes, "'Tis sweet to love."

A. A. S.

The Organ.

For Saturday Night.

The waves of music falter to and fro,
A soft commingling of crossed sounds;
The gentle touches and the echoes low,
In rapturous trembling steal along the aisles.
Wrapped in the gloom of slowly fading day,
The Master weaves a song of love and home,
The joyous music ebbs and flows away,
The inward stirring of a Genius' breast.
The evening air seems filled with soothing notes,
The scented breeze in rapture moves along;
From out the night the liquid cadence floats,
Then softly dies away in sad farewells.

B. KELLY.

Goldenrod.

For Saturday Night.

Lone on the naked shore where wild winds whistling wake
The sounding caves where ocean's voices sleep,
When freed from duty on the angry deep;
Tumultuously and sad the crested billows break,
Undaunted rears the stately goldenrod.

The lily and the violet would pale and shrink
To blossom 'mid the sterile dreariness,
But lulled by the tempest's voice and mad caress
On lonely isle or precipice's brink
Undaunted sways the stately goldenrod.

A. L. MCNAB.

Dr. Susan Janeway Coltman of Germantown, Pennsylvania, owns a unique collection of cats, which she values at five thousand dollars. There are twenty-two of her pets, and among them are included Skye, Zanibar and feather-tailed Turkish cats, tailless Manx pussies white Maltese, yellow Persian and English tiger-cats. All are remarkable either for beauty or pedigree. Since she inherited her father's fortune in 1883, Dr. Coltman has not practiced medicine.

Between You and Me.

"I WISH," says one of my correspondents, "that you would write an article on punctuality," and she gives me a very harrowing account of a disastrous afternoon she spent lately, all the discomfort of which she blamed to the enforced loss of fifteen minutes in waiting for a tardy friend. "I was so worried, a severe nervous headache set in and effectually settled my pleasure," she says in conclusion. Now, an article on punctuality should only be written by one of those blessed folk whose time is at their own disposal, for no other mortal can live up to the ideal of punctuality. There is a man in this town who has for years been punctual, and the effort has affected his whole bearing and manners and even his expression. He gives you the impression of being always in a hurry to be there; when he walks he takes the longest steps on record; when he stops to chat with you on the way he stands a little in advance, with one foot ready to start off, in a manner most exasperating to leisurely folk. His whole facial expression is repressed anxiety to be moving even his voice is sharp, brisk, eager, and much as I admire and like him I always feel uncomfortable at detaining him for a brief exchange of hostilities, but then he is beautifully punctual!

*

The idea, anyway, of coming home from the land of procrastination and unpunctuality, and finding this request awaiting me, was such a trying one that I hid the letter away until this morning. Of course, one should be punctual! Start off on the first day of the week and try for a record! Be early at church; the very comfortable feeling that you've got your own pet seat, and have earned it, is good, (of course I am taking it for granted that you attend an advanced sanctuary where a place is ready for everyone, and no charge made). The approval of a smirking and pharisaical conscience will carry you through happily till Monday night, I think, and you'll be on time for one day—that is, if you are not a journalist who has to wait for interviews, listen at the telephone, chat to callers while you know the foreman is waiting for copy, and so on. In that case you'll be late, "just like me!" One little confession from my correspondent gives me a chance to lecture her. It is the word about her being so worried! Dear lady, don't do it again. When you are ready, and the other one cometh not, sit down and read, take your pen and write one of those notes you owe, take even your stockings and darn them, but don't worry. You are at the mercy of the other one; don't give her a chance to torture you. Instead of letting her find you, at the end of fifteen minutes of suppressed worry and excitement, with that tension of the lips and hardness of the nostrils that betrays your nervous *bouleversement*, and makes her profuse excuses and apologies almost too much for you, greet her calmly, and take a moment to let her perceive your calmness before you tell her that she is just fifteen minutes behind time. She will feel worse than you do, take my word for it.

*

There have been articles in a popular American paper for women lately, that have seemed to rile me. I can scarcely tell why. Their very title ruffles me. It is: Unknown Wives of Well Known Men, and its slight details of the personalities of those unknown and overshadowed women are quite a commentary on the woman question. It shows that there *are* women who want no public applause, no rights, no fame, though to hear men talk nowadays one would fancy that species of woman was extinct. The women who belong to this group of *inconnues* are certainly overshadowed in some cases by their husbands. The names range from Mrs. Edison to Mrs. Oscar Wilde, and include Mrs. Gladstone (who I hope is duly made aware of the fact that she is "unknown") Madame Dumas, Lady Macdonald, Mrs. Max O'Rell and several others who, on this continent and in Europe, are personally almost as well known as their statesman or author husbands. As to the well known men, who in America has ever seen Lord Tennyson, Prince Bismarck, Sardou, Dumas, and who knows them, anyway? Well known "authors" may be the Laureate, and the witty French novelist and the fascinating but rather feather-headed Oscar, but as to their personal traits, tastes, even appearance, lots of us would pass them and never know it! And I should like to hear Frau Bismarck's opinion as to whether she is one of the unknown of the earth! *Nien!* As to our own bright and gracious Baroness of Earnscliffe, we know her almost as well as we did the clever statesman, her husband, who swayed the heart of Canada for so many years. By the way, in that same journal for next month, Isabel Mallon gives a sketch of that clever little Irishwoman, Margaret Hungerford, whose "Duchesse" stories delight the hearts of so many of our novel reading fair. I read it with great interest and shall clip you one little paragraph that you may know of the local habitation of the facile and charming authoress. About her personally: She married when very young, and her husband died in less than six years, leaving her with three tiny girls to care for. In 1883 she married Mr. Henry Hungerford of Cahirmore, and she is the mother of six small people, one of whom is the most delightful baby of a year, rejoicing in the name of Tom. Her hair is of a light-brown shade, knotted loosely on top of her head, and breaking away into most fascinating little curls all over her forehead. From under this frame look out two large dark-brown eyes, with thick curly lashes, eyes that are bright and sparkling with delight, as if the world were full of sweet things. The mouth is small, but determined, and the whole expression of the face is that of a woman of wit, good temper and sweetness. Her home is at St. Brenda's, Bandon, County Cork, and a visitor there is given, by the pretty hostess, that hearty Irish welcome that is so delightful. All about the house itself are flowers and shrubbery, a great many rose trees, beech trees all over the lawn, which slopes from the house down to a river that runs at the foot of a deep valley. There is a most wonderful kitchen garden, where fruit trees are many, the apple and pear trees laden with blossoms, a quarter of an acre of strawberry beds, while the raspberry and the currant bushes vie in number. All the country through there are beautiful drives, and Mrs. Hungerford is specially fond of driving. I think that is rather a different picture to the usual idea of an authoress, don't you? LADY GAY.

Individualities.

The Marchioness of Granby has painted a fine picture of Paderewski.

Collecting old china is Miss Braddon's hobby, and in her house at Richmond, near London, she has a series of well stocked china cabinets.

Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer has accepted the offer of President Harper, of the Chicago University, to act as Dean of the Women's Department.

The Dowager Marchioness of Huntly is an accomplished botanist, and has a large collection of plants, nearly all of her own gathering. These she has herself classified and named.

George William Curtis lost his fortune and incurred a large debt in trying to establish *Putnam's Magazine*, and spent the best years of his life in paying off the debt, which he discharged to the last dollar.

Ouida is said to be so proud of her small and beautifully shaped hands and feet that in summer and winter, out of doors and in the house, she wears sleeves that fall just below the elbow and thin, low-cut slippers.

Mr. Henry Mosler, the widely known American painter, who is among the chosen few of his compatriots admitted to the distinction of a Knight of the Legion of Honor, has left Paris with his family, for a tour in Italy.

Hall Caine, the popular novelist, was an unsuccessful writer of verse and criticism for years before he wrote his first novel. This won immediate recognition, and since then no story or book of his has been rejected by a publisher.

Mr. John Stetson, a well known and enterprising Boston manager, announces that he has engaged Mr. Kyrle Bellew for his next season. He has also made overtures to Mrs. Brown Potter, who is considering the matter.

One of the finest herds of Guernsey cattle on Long Island is owned by Mrs. Phebe Taber Willetts of Roslyn. They were bred under her own care, and she gives much attention to the breeding and rearing of cows and of trotting horses.

John Howells, the son of William D. Howells, has been admitted to the Ecole des Beaux-Arts at Paris on his first examination and without any conditions. He is the only American who passed in that way at this year's examination.

Contrary to the reports in circulation, Lieut. Ward's mission to Russia has been a success, and the Russian Government has extended every courtesy and facility to the United States naval *attache* for obtaining all legitimate information.

John Ruskin is now seventy-three years old. His literary career began when he was seven, and his first production was a poem in blank verse on Time. The following year he addressed an invocation to the sun, begging him to shine on his garden plot.

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, when at Homburg, had the honor of dining with the Prince of Wales, who asked a select few to meet the famous American orator and statist. Mr. Depew has sailed for home in response to a cable call conveying important news.

Mr. Murat Halstead is cabling from New York political news daily to the Paris edition of the New York *Herald*. Mr. Halstead is of the opinion that the Republicans are developing an excess of confidence. He thinks they may win without New York, but they must not waste any chance of securing it.

Marie Corelli, the authoress, writes to a friend in New York, saying: "I shall be very glad if you will contradict the erroneous reports that circulate in the American press about me. All I want said is that I am not the daughter, but the adopted daughter, of Charles Mackay, and that my legal name is Marie Corelli."

It has been decided by the French Minister of Public Instruction in France to preserve as a museum Jeanne Dare's home in Domremi, and to illustrate in it her history. It will contain models of the statues erected to her memory, copies of paintings showing scenes in her life, and sketches of the pictures of her in the Pantheon.

M. Max O'Rell has been explaining to the Australians the secret of the American enthusiasm for Irish Home Rule. He says that the Yankees favor it because they think it possible that if Ireland became independent all the Irish-Americans would return at once to the "ould country." There is a suggestion of wit in the theory, and, possibly, a grain of truth.

Miss Cynthia M. Westover of New York, formerly private secretary of Mr. Beattie in the Street Cleaning Department, and who invented some years ago a cart for carrying dirt out of mines and tunnels, has recently received the title of *Membre d'Honneur* from the Parisian Society of Inventors, who evidently labored under the impression that C. M. Westover is a man. The question now arises: Will the title be recalled when the dignified and conservative body of Frenchmen discover their mistake?

The Prince Maffeo Sciarra has had suit brought against him for selling his valuable private gallery outside of Italy. It has just become known that he smuggled the pictures across the frontier among the scenery and stage furnishings of the Teatro Quirino, of which he was one of the stockholders. The theater is back of his palace, and he had the assistance of the manager in his enterprise. It is doubtful if the pictures will ever be returned to Italy, but, at least, the prince will probably have to pay a heavy fine.

Mrs. Dunlap-Hopkins has been a leading spirit in the work involved in founding the recently organized school of applied design for women in New York. It is to have for instructors practical men and women actually engaged in manufactories or architects' offices. The Rev. J. W. Brown of St. Thomas' church, Mr. George E. Ingraham, and Mr. J. Carroll Beckwith are among the well known men connected with it. Manufacturers will offer prizes for designs by students, and the latter will be aided in bringing their work to the notice of manufacturers.

Art and Artists.

COMING home from the four corners of the earth—that is putting it rather big—the Toronto artists are stepping upon the treadmill of their winter's duties. Already many of them have resumed their classes and are instructing private pupils. I called upon J. W. L. Forster on Monday, and find that he is one of these, and has been giving some of his time to pupils since September 1. He is just finishing a three-quarter length portrait of Ex-Mayor Clarke, in a speaking attitude, with his right arm crossing his breast in an emphatic gesture and his left holding a scroll, upon which is seen the corporate seal of Toronto. It is a good picture and in a couple of weeks will be hung in the City Hall. Mr. Forster recently painted a picture of Rev. Dr. Kellogg, which on Tuesday evening last was hung in the manager's room of St. James' square Presbyterian church as a present from the managers to the congregation. The portrait was pronounced to be a capital one by those who saw it, among whom I was not, and will serve to recall memories of a popular pastor to a people from whom he has been parted owing to a call to a higher duty. Dr. Kellogg has gone to India to assist in the work of translating the Bible into the Hindoo tongue.

*

Miss Peel, sister to Paul Peel, is executing several excellent orders in sculpture in Ottawa and Montreal.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Martin have returned from the Gulf of St. Lawrence. R. F. Gagen has also reached home from the same trip.

*

F. M. Bell-Smith has settled down in Toronto after a year spent in study and travel in Europe.

*

C. M. Manly has returned from the Lower Provinces, his portfolio enriched with studies made during the summer.

*

O. R. Jacobi, president of the Royal Canadian Academy, has been doing some good work this summer, catching some of the beauties of nature to be found within a day's journey of this city.

*

W. A. Sherwood is another who did not go very far from Toronto during the summer, but put in a siege of work within his studio. However, he made several fine sketches in the neighborhood of Georgetown. When making my rounds I caught him with palette and brush in hand, deeply wrapt up in the finishing of a sketch of Shadow River, Lake Muskoka. When finished it should prove one of his best outdoor pictures. On another easel stood an unfinished painting which will probably be named Little Gamblers. Three little street urchins are seen sitting inside a bare room upon an empty packing box, tossing pennies. The conception of the thing is good, and Mr. Sherwood is deeply engrossed in both of these unfinished works. He has been most industrious this year.

*

Carl Ahrens has taken an occasional run out of town during the summer, but has spent most of his time in a fisherman's romantic cottage on the sand-bar at the east end of the city. He will, I believe, soon bring out some more of his marine work, with which he scored his first successes, and for which he has a comparatively unindulged preference.

*

T. Mower-Martin has been sketching around Rochester this summer, transferring to canvas the beauties of the southern shores of Lake Ontario.

*

L. R. O'Brien has returned from the Maine Coast.

*

M. Mathews and W. Cruickshank have returned from the Rockies full of enthusiasm and with numberless sketches of mountain scenes. Forshaw Day of Kingston, W. Brimner of Montreal, and a Mr. Waite of London, Eng., were also in the Rockies, and I believe for a time the five made up one party.

*

Homer Watson has been working around Dover, where he resides, and occasionally doing the hospitable to artist friends.

*

W. Blatchley has left Toronto and taken up his residence in British Columbia, with an idea that Seattle may be his abode finally. VAN.

Newton's Theory Exploded.

Having seen the Fair on Farmer's Day, they went up to the Normal School to see the statues, and of course blushed to the roots of their hair when they beheld Venus, Apollo, Ajax and other celebrities of the good old day, clothed in smiles or frowns as the case may be. Having passed several such of nature's children, Maria Anne and Isaiah John found themselves before the grave face of that greatest of philosophers—whose gravity by the way was the secret of his fame.

"Say, Mariar,' said Isaiah John when his full, fair cheeks had cooled down to the normal temperature, "who's that sulkin' critter with the double yelked egg in his fist?"

"Well, now, Isaiah John," said the horrified Mariar, "yo' jest do beat all. Why, that's Newton, the great philosopher, with the apple in his hand."

Isaiah John pushed his big hands deep into his pants pockets and stretched his legs apart, then tilting his head on one side took a long, sad look on the expounder of the law of gravity and fetched a deep sigh.

"Mariar," he said at last, "d'ye know I feel kinder sorry fur the critter. He must 'a bin the darndest fool thet ever went inter the apple raisin'. Why, ef the dang lout wanted ter know why the apple fell to th' earth, why the Sam Hill didn't he cut it open? Any greenhorn had ought ter know thet onct a worm gets inter an apple the danged thing's bound to fall before it's ripe. Yes, Mariar, I reely do feel kinder sorry fur the critter. Come," he said as they walked away, "let's take in thet thier old gent and the two kids guzzlin' the snakes."

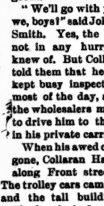
And they walked over and stood before the Laocoon. FULLAS A. TICK.

The Sunny Side.

She—But I can't cook, and I hate to wash dishes.
He—Then I am decidedly the one you should marry. I can't afford to buy anything to cook, and so we won't need dishes.—*Life.*

Young Mr. Collaran Hatt.

THE clerk in the little general store out at the four corners came into the Fair, and three or four of the young farm hands came in the same day. He wore a fashionable hat and a high collar, and thought the boys should know better than to expect him to travel in the city with them. It was all right for him to chum with them around the corners, but in town it was a different matter. He tried to escape them when getting off the train, but they hugged up to him, and so he up and told them that they had better head for the grounds themselves, as he had to call at some of the wholesales and order fall goods.



"We'll go with you, won't we, boys?" said John Thomas Smith. Yes, the boys were not in any hurry as they knew of. But Collaran Hatt told them that he might be kept busy inspecting goods most of the day, and one of the wholesalers might want to drive him to the grounds in his private carriage.

When his awed chums had gone, Collaran Hatt walked along Front street in fear and trembling. The trolley cars came bangety-banging along, and the tall buildings were frowning at him, and when he had walked past the wholesale house into which he intended going he stopped and walked past again. He hung around for an hour making himself believe that he was waiting for somebody, and constantly consulting his watch, but really he was waiting for his departed courage. Then he hurried back to the corner of York street, thinking that his acquaintances wouldn't know where to go without him and he would get them and take John Thomas in with him—John Thomas never saw a great, big wholesale—and then he would pilot the boys up to the Exhibition. They were awful greenies, those boys; it made him smile to think of them, and they needed someone who was up to date to guide them. But they were not in sight and he gave them up. Back he went and walked about again—then it struck him that his boss had given him a written list of what was wanted. He would address it to the wholesale firm—but where was the post office so that he could mail it? He hunted all over and finally asked a very small boy who was all alone, and the boy told him. When he entered the office and edged up to the money order counter and asked for a one-cent stamp, the clerk looked at him so fiercely and said so gruffly that he didn't sell stamps that Collaran Hatt with beating heart hurried outside. He could have cried, but in anger put the order in his pocket and resolved to mail it from home that night when he reached there. You couldn't fool him at the Corners—out there no post office dude would talk to him like that fellow did.

On the Fair grounds he was crushed and humble, looking prayerfully for John Thomas and the other boys. He saw them once racing like mad across the horse ring but couldn't get to them, and he met an old man whom he knew who said that they were in the dog show, but he waited there half an hour and saw them not. At last he went and stood by the picket fence watching what he could see of the cowboys and Indians, when down on him swooped the boys, smoking cigars and fairly dripping with jollity and fun. Up goes his pulse—he is himself again. Business at the wholesale had kept him until three o'clock and he was tired, but if the boys hadn't seen everything he would show them around and see that they caught the train all right—awfully sorry that he had had to leave them, and he would tell the boss that he'd be hanged if he'd try to do business and take in the Fair in one day any more. A fellow had to be careful in buying goods at the wholesale; smart fellows there, but they could have all the start they got out of him, you bet.

As Collaran Hatt spoke, a certain little paper in his pocket, containing a list of articles, got heavier and heavier until it weighed about a ton, and he bought the lemonade all round to change the subject that was engrossing his conscience. ZEKE.

The Manager Almost Blundered.

The general manager of one of the Canadian railroads in making a tour of the country was driving through an Ontario city, when a magnificent house was pointed out to him as belonging to one of the conductors on the main line. The railroad magnate made an entry in his notebook, and a few days later the conductor, who may be called Conductor Smart, received orders to report at the head office, Montreal. He did so and the general manager asked him a few questions.

"How long have you been a conductor?"

"Fifteen years."

"Do you own that house in ——?"

"Yes."

"How much will you take for it?"

"Oh, $20,000 for grounds and everything."

"I hear you were penniless when you were made a conductor. I am sorry to part with such an old employee, but you are discharged."

Smart was shown out and went off, thinking. In about an hour he returned and insisted upon a moment's interview.

"Well, you're back again. What do you want?"

"Have you any objection to telling me why I am discharged?"

"Well, I consider you could not have made so much money without stealing from the company—there you are, if you want to know."

"So you are going to put another man in my place," said Smart thoughtfully.

"Yes; I'm going to give Dobbins your run."

"Well, look here, you are making a mistake, I think. Don't you see I have got those things—a fine house, horses, and cash ahead—and am living on Easy street, while Dobbins is exactly where I was fifteen years ago. I really think you are making a mistake."

Conductor Smart's case was reconsidered and he punched tickets for many a day, growing fat and bald and honored among men. BRAKEMAN.

Gaining Time.

Mother—You must hurry or I shall leave you. You don't want to be left, do you?
Dolph—I dunno—make believe leave me—an' I'll see.—*Puck.*

The Cabalist, Hans Weinland

By BROKMANN-CHATRIAN.

(Translated for Saturday Night by Launcelot Norman.)

Our professor of metaphysics, Hans Weinland, was what the cabalists call an archetype—tall, lank, with leaden complexion, red hair, turned up nose, gray eyes and an ironical lip, over which was a long mustache *a la Prussienne*.

He used to astonish us all by the evolutions of his logic, by his chains of argument, by mocking bitter touches, as natural to him as the thorns to a blackberry bush.

In spite of all the university traditions, this original person wore usually a large military hat surmounted by a plume, a frogged coat, very wide trowsers and huge boots ornamented with silver spurs, all of which gave him an appearance quite bellicose.

Well, one fine morning, Hans, who liked me very much, and called me sometimes the son of the blue god, entered my room and said:

"Christian, I come to tell you to look for another teacher of metaphysics. I start in an hour for Paris."

"For Paris! What are you going to do at Paris?"

"Argue, discuss, wrangle—anything at all," said he, shrugging his shoulders.

"Just as well stay here, then."

"No; great things are going to happen. Besides, I have the best of reasons for making myself scarce."

Then he opened the door to see if anyone could hear us, and coming back he whispered to me:

"You must know that this morning I ran a rapier through the heart of Major Krantz."

"You!"

"Yes. Just fancy, this creature had the audacity to maintain against me, before all the company at Gambrinus' inn, that the soul is merely an affair of the imagination. Naturally, I broke my beer glass over his head. So this morning we went to a quiet little spot beside the river, and there I gave him a materialistic argument of the highest power."

I looked at him utterly astounded.

"And you are going to Paris!" I replied after a moment of silence.

"Yes, I received my quarter's salary three or four days ago; this money will be enough for the journey. But there is not a minute to lose. You know the rigour of the duelling law; the least that could happen me would be to pass two or three years in prison, and, indeed, I prefer to tramp the fields."

Hans Weinland related this to me while seated at my table, rolling a cigarette between sunken eyes, thin fingers. He gave me some details of his meeting with Major Krantz, and finished by telling me he had come to ask me for my passport, knowing that I had recently made a tour in France.

"It is true that I am eight or ten years older than you, but we are both very ruddy and very thin. I will make it all right by cutting off my mustache."

"Hans," I said, deeply moved, "I would like to render you the service you ask, but it is impossible; it is against my philosophical principles. My passport is in my bureau drawer, beside Kant's Pure Reason. I am going to take a walk in the Place des Acacias."

"Very well," he said; "I understand your scruples, Christian; they honor you, but I do not share them. Let us say good-bye, I will take charge of the rest."

Some hours later all the village learned with surprise that the professor of metaphysics, Hans Weinland, had killed Major Krantz with a furious rapier thrust. The police immediately began the search for the murderer. They rummaged his little lodging in the Rue des Alouettes, but all their researches were fruitless.

The major was buried with the honors of his rank, and for six weeks this affair was the only topic in the inns, but everything gradually returned to its accustomed course.

About fifteen months after this strange event, my worthy uncle, the Prorector Zacharias, sent me to complete my studies at Paris. He desired to see me succeed, some day to his big position; the only thing necessary was, as he put it, to make myself a light of science. I started at the end of October, 1831.

Upon the left bank of the Seine, between the Pantheon, the Val-de-Grace and the Jardin des Plantes, extends a quarter almost solitary, the houses are high and tottering, the streets muddy and the inhabitants ragged.

If you happen to wander in this direction people stop at the street corners to look at you, others advance to the threshold of their hovels, others crane their necks out of the windows. They all look at you with a suspicious air, and these looks go to the very bottom of your pockets.

At the end of the quarter, in the Rue Copeau, there arises a house, narrow and isolated, between crumbling walls above which extend the dark branches of century-old elms. This house is entered by a low vaulted door; above the door gleams by night a lamp, suspended from an iron rod; above the lamp three bleary-eyed windows glimmer in the dark; still higher, three others; and so on till the sixteenth. It was there, at the home of Madame Gentl, the widow of Sieur Gentl, ex-brigadier of the Royal Guard, that I had my trunks and books sent, at the express recommendation of the Dean Herr Van den Bosch, who remembered having lived in the same hotel in the time of the Empire.

I still shiver when I think of the sad days I spent in that abominable house, seated in the winter beside my little fire place, which gave out more smoke than heat, downcast and ill, besieged by Madame Gentl, who took advantage of me in a manner truly incredible.

I will always remember how, after six months of mist and rain, of mud and snow, on a morning when I saw the Seine rolling buddhas, my emotion was such that I had to sit down and burst into tears like a child. Nevertheless, I was twenty two years old, but I was thinking of the green fire of the Black Forest, and hearing our young girls sing with joyous voices:

"Tra, ri, ra, l'ete vient encore une fois!"

and I was in Paris; I no longer saw the sun; I felt myself alone, abandoned in the immense city! My heart overflowed at last; I could restrain myself no longer; this little hut of ve-dure had moved me to the depths of my being. It is sweet to weep when thinking of one's fatherland. After a few moments of weakness, I went home, re-animated with hope, and bravely went to work again; a wave of youth and life had accelerated the movements of my heart. I said to myself, "If uncle Zacharias could see me now, he would be proud of me." But here there took place a terribly mysterious event, whose remembrance terrifies me, and still overturns all my ideas of philosophy. Directly opposite my little window, on the other side of the street, between two lofty ruins, was a vacant lot, where nettles and shrubs grew in abundance. Five or six plum trees flourished in this damp neighborhood, shut in on front by an old wall of dry stones. A wooden sign on top of the wall bore the following:

LAND FOR SALE.
425 Mitres.
APPLY TO M TIRAGO, ETC.

An old worm-eaten cask received the water from the eaves of the neighborhood and let it escape into the grass. Thousands of atoms with gauzy wings, gnats and butterflies, eddied over this greenish pool, and when a sunbeam fell by chance upon it between the roofs of the houses, life could be seen teeming there like golden dust; two enormous frogs would show their flat noses upon the surface, dragging their long thread-like legs upon the water-lentils and swallowing the insects, which were engulfed in their throats by thousands.

At the end of the drain there was a shed of damp and musty planks, upon which a big red cat would take a walk, listening to the sparrows twittering in the trees, yawning, scratching its sides, and extending its claws with a melancholy air. I had often contemplated this corner of the world with a sort of terror.

"They are all living, swarming, devouring one another," I would say to myself. "What is the source of this inexhaustible series of beings, from the atom whirling in the sunbeam to the star, lost in the depths of the infinite? What principle can explain to us this boundless, incessant and eternal prodigality of the first great cause?" and, my face between my hands, I would plunge into the abyss of the infinite.

Now, one day in June about eleven o'clock, as I was dreaming in this manner with my elbows on the window sill, I thought I saw an indistinct form gliding beneath the wall; then a gate opening and somebody crossing the briers to take shelter under the shed.

All this happened in the shade of the surrounding hovels. It was perhaps an illusion of my senses. But on the morrow about five o'clock, on looking towards the pool I saw a tall fellow advancing from the shed, who with his arms crossed upon his breast looked steadfastly at me.

He was so tall, so lank, his clothes were so ragged, his hat so full of holes, that I had no doubt he was a robber, hidden during the daytime to avoid the police, and who left his haunt at night to rob or even murder people. But judge of my surprise when this man, raising his hat, cried out to me:

"Good day, Christian, good day."

As I remained immovable, with gaping mouth, he crossed the enclosure, opened the gate and advanced into the deserted street.

I noticed then that he carried a heavy club, and I congratulated myself that I had not to talk with him *tete-a-tete*. How could this individual know me? What did he want of me? When he came before my window he raised his long, thin arms in a pathetic fashion.

"Come down, Christian," he cried. "Come down and let me embrace you. Ah, do not let me languish!"

You may well think I did not hasten to respond to his invitation. Then he began to laugh, showing magnificent white teeth under a reddish mustache.

"You do not recognize your professor of metaphysics, Hans Weinland? Must I show you his passport?"

"Hans Weinland! Is it possible? Hans Weinland, with those wrinkled cheeks, those sunken eyes! Hans Weinland in those rags!" Yet, after a more careful look, I recognized him. A feeling of inexpressible pity seized me.

"Why, it is you, my dear professor!"

"Myself! Come down, Christian; we shall talk more at our ease."

I hesitated no longer to descend. Madame Gentl had not yet risen, and I drew the bolt myself and Hans Weinland pressed me effusively to his breast.

"Ah, dear master," I cried with tears in my eyes, "in what condition do I again find you!"

"Oh, I am in good health; that's the main thing."

"But you must come up into my room and change your clothes."

"What's the use? I feel quite comfortable as I am."

"You are hungry, perhaps?"

"Not at all, Christian. I have lived a long time on rabbits' heads and chickens' feet. It is a kind of novitiate the god Famine imposes upon me. My stomach is no longer more than a myth; it asks for nothing more, knowing its demands would be useless. I do not eat; I smoke a pipe from time to time, that is all. The old fakir of Eliora would envy me."

And an indulgent smile lit up his air of doubt:

"That astonishes you? But know that the initiation into the mysteries of Mithras imposes upon us this willing fasting before investing us with a formidable power."

Talking this way, he drew me towards the Jardin des Plantes. The gates had just been opened, and the sentinel was so much astonished at the appearance of my companion that he looked as if he meant to forbid our passage, but Hans Weinland did not even seem to perceive this inclination and tranquilly pursued his way. The garden was still deserted. While passing the bears' dens, Hans Weinland pointed them out with his club and murmured:

"Pretty little creatures, Christian; I have always had a predilection for this kind of reptile; they do not let one step on their tail without biting."

Then turning to the right, he led me through the labyrinth that leads to the cedar of Lebanon.

"Let us stop here at the foot of this tree," I said.

"No, let us ascend the terrace, one can see farther there; I like so much to see Paris and breathe the fresh air, that I very often pass hours in this observatory. It is that, too, which keeps me in your quarter. What do you expect? Everyone has his weakness."

We had scarcely taken a lamp, and Hans had taken his place upon one of the two large fossil stones which are placed upon the hillock. I remained standing in front of him.

"Well, Christian, what are you doing now? You are taking the courses in the Sorbonne and College de la France, are you not? Well, well! Does Metaphysics interest you yet?"

"*Mon Dieu!* not very much."

"Ah, I suspected it; but what courses? The one holds to the form and believes itself ideal because the *beau ideal* is in the form. The other talks about the matter; for to it, matter is the first idea. Do you understand? Matter the first idea. What a folly! Ah, my dear Christian, what has become of the great schools of Albert de Grand, of Roger Bacon, of Paracelsus? What has become of the microcosm? What has become of the three principles: intellectual, celestial, elementary? the applications of Ced'e, of Goglenius, Noldenatus and many others? and the curious experiences of Glaser le Sage and——?"

"But, my dear master, they were poisoners," I cried.

"Poisoners! they were the greatest sorcerers of modern times, and true heirs of the *kabbala*. The real poisoners are those charlatans who maintain the school of sophistry and ignorance. Don't you know that all the secrets of the *kabbala* are beginning to find their application? The pressure of steam, the principle of electricity, chemical decompositions, to whom mus' these admirable discoveries be attributed, if not to the sorcerers? And our psychologists, our metaphysicians, what useful, applicable, or real discovery have they made, that they should call themselves sorcerers and themselves wise? But I am getting excited; let us change the subject," and his face had an expression of savage ferocity.

"You must go away Christian," he said. "You must return to Tubingue."

"Why?"

"Because the hour of vengeance is at hand."

"What vengeance?"

"Mine."

"On whom do you wish to wreak vengeance?"

"On everybody! They have made sport of me, they have despised Hans Heinl; they have called me a fool, a visionary; they have rejected the blue god to adore the yellow god. All right! Woe to this race of materialists!"

Rising, he looked over the whole city, his gray eyes gleamed, and he smiled.

. . . . . .

I had no doubt his poverty had affected his brain. What could a poor wretch without even a lodging do against the city of Paris? After these threats he suddenly became calm; he motioned me to follow him, and we left the garden.

"Christian, I have something to ask of you."

"What?"

"You know my retreat. There, I will tell you all. But you must swear on your honor to carry out my orders in every point."

"I would gladly do it; but on one condition, that——"

"Oh, be easy; it cannot affect your conscience."

"Then I promise you."

"That is enough."

We arrived at the enclosure. He pushed the gate and we entered.

I would be difficult for me to express the feeling of horror that filled me when, after he passed through the tall grass and shrubs I observed under the shed a number of skeletons lying in a heap. I would have fled, but he observed me and said with an imperious voice: "Sit down there," pointing out a huge stone between the pillars of the roof. I obeyed. Then, drawing out of his pocket a small clay pipe, he filled it with a yellowish substance and began to smoke it slowly. He sat down facing me, with extended legs, and his heavy club between his knees.

"Christian," he murmured, while an indefinable, muscular contraction deepened the hollows in his cheeks, "listen to me. In order to fulfil my intentions you must know one of our mysteries. Yes, you must know one of the mysteries of Mithras. One of the strangest things in this world, Christian, is that while one-half of the globe is in the light, the other is in darkness; as a result, one-half of all animated beings sleep while the other half is awake. Now, nature, who does nothing uselessly; nature, who simplifies everything and can obtain an infinite variety within an absolute harmony; nature, having decided that every living creature shall remain one-half asleep, while the other half is awake, decided that a single soul is sufficient for two bodies. This soul, then, is transported from one hemisphere to the other with the darkness of the night, and leads two existences in turn. While the soul is at the antipodes the creature sleeps; its faculties roam; its matter repose. When the soul returns to take the direction of its members the creature awakes; matter is forced to obey mind. I need not tell you any more; you are not embraced in your course of philosophy, for it is known that your professors are very learned without understanding anything; but this explains the strange ideas that often take possession of your brain, the singularity of your dreams, the intuitive knowledge of worlds you have never seen, and a thousand other phenomena of this sort. What they call catalepsies, swoons, ecstasies, in short, all the phenomena of sleep in all its forms are explained by the same law. Do you understand?

"Well, very well; it is a sublime discovery."

"This is the least of the mysteries of Mithras," he resumed with a smile; "it is the first degree of initiation. But hear the result of the principle as far as it concerns me: The soul which animates me belongs equally to one of the secretaries of Maha-Ravi, who lives at the foot of Mount Abuji, in the province of Sirohi, upon the southern frontiers of Joundpour; he is an Agori, or, if you prefer, an Aghoraputi, celebrated for his austerities, his murders and his holiness. Like me, he is initiated to the third degree. When he sleeps I am awake, when he is awake I sleep. Do you understand me, Christian?"

"Yes," I replied, shuddering.

"Very well, this is what I want of you: My soul must sojourn two days in succession at Deessa, in the cavern of the goddess Kali. For that purpose my body must remain inert. What? I am smoking now is opium. Already my eyelids are heavy. . . . If I should awake . . . before the proper time . . . my body must remain inert. . . . . I feel instantly a fresh dose of opium. . . . You . . . you have sworn it. . . . Woe to you if——"

He could not finish, and fell suddenly into a profound stupor. I stretched him out with his head in the shade and his feet on the grass. His breathing, now fast, now almost stopped me; and the mystery which this man had just revealed to me, the certainty that his soul had passed over immense regions in less than a second, inspired me with a sort of mysterious fear, as if all that unknown world were open to my view. I felt myself growing pale; my fingers trembled, the vital current seemed to rush to the very points of my hair. Add to this the heat of midday concentrated between these old ruins, the putrid emanations from the stagnant pool, the croaking of the two frogs who were beginning their melancholy duet in the green slime, the buzzing of the numberless insects which were enhancing their endless round on the surface, and you will understand the gloomy impressions which filled my mind until evening. At eight o'clock I was very tired of my long hours' repose. I had no doubt that the sleep of Weinland would last till the morrow.

In fact, the next day, about six in the morning, I found him in the same attitude; his breathing was quite regular. All the day and the next night were passed in the same condition. At the close of the second day about six o'clock, I first felt hungry, and went to Saint Benoit for a little food. On returning about seven by Rue Clovis, I seemed all at once to be followed, and looking behind me, was astonished to see nobody. Although the close of the day, an oppressive heat hung over the silent city; not a door was open, not a person appeared on the street, not a movement, not a sound betrayed any life in the vast quarter of the Jardin des Plantes. Quickening my pace, I soon found myself at the gate of the enclosure, upon which I pressed my hand; it opened noiselessly, and I was going to advance across the street, when Hans Weinland, paler than death, bounded towards me crying out:

"Run, Christian, run."

He pushed me back; his convulsed face, his glassy eyes, the trembling of his lips, betrayed the greatest terror. I was pushed into the street.

"Come, come," he cried, "hide yourself."

The widow Gentl rushed to the door and uttered piercing cries, believing that Weinland was robbing me; but he pushed her aside, rushed into the passage with me, and burst into a fit of diabolic laughter:

"Ha, ha, ha!—the old hag!—the old lady will pay for you—up, Christian—quick—the monster is already in the street—I feel it."

I ascended the steps four at a time, as if the spectre of death had already laid his claws upon me. The door of my room opened and closed upon us, and I fell into my arm chair, dumbfounded.

"Mon Dieu! what is the matter?" I cried. "This is horrible."

"I have just come from afar," said Weinland coolly, "six thousand leagues in two days! I come from the banks of the Ganges, Christian, and I bring back a fine companion. Hear what is happening outside."

Listening, I heard a crowd of people running down Rue Copeau, then confused clamors. At the moment my eyes met those of Hans, the sombre, infernal joy illuminated them. "It is the blue cholera," he said in a low voice, "the terrible blue cholera." The clamors and shouts continued: "From the summits of Mount Abuji, above the green plumes of the palm trees, in the depths of the gorge in which the old Ganges drags along, I saw him hovering slowly over a corpse among the vultures. I beckoned him—he came—here he is, beginning his work! look."

A sort of fascination made me look into the street. A man of the people, with bare shoulders and disheveled hair, was running along, bearing a woman, whose head and limbs hung inert. As he passed beneath my window, I saw that the face of this unfortunate was covered with a bluish tint. She was quite young; the cholera had just struck her down. I turned around, shaking from head to foot. Hans Weinland had disappeared.

The same day, without taking the time to pack my trunk, I ran to the coach office, Rue Notre Dame des Victoires. A diligence was starting for Strasbourg. I mounted it as a drowning man grasps a floating plank.

We started. People laughed and sang; no one yet knew of the invasion of France by the cholera. At every relay I asked: "Is the cholera here?" and everyone laughed.

"The poor boy is crazy," my companions said. But when three days afterwards, half crazed with fear, I related these strange events to my uncle Zacharias, he listened gravely and said: "You did well to come, Christian; look at the paper; twelve hundred persons dead already! It is a frightful affair!"

SURPRISE

Soap
Saves
the worker. It takes only half the time and work to do the wash, without boiling or scalding the clothes.
the clothes are not rubbed to pieces; there's no hard rubbing—but the dirt drops out and they're left snowy white.
the hands after the wash are white and smooth—not chapped.

READ the directions on the wrapper.

DEAR SPORTSMAN!

Have you everything ready for your SHOOTING TRIP? We have a "power" of goods in GUNS, RIFLES and accessories that are worthy your attention. If you use our LOADED AMMUNITION your shooting will improve 20 per cent.

H. P. DAVIES & CO. 81 YONGE STREET TORONTO

Sizing Up the Boy.

"I want to buy a pair of pants for my little boy," said a country woman to the clerk, as she entered an Ayliffe clothing store.

"This way, if you please, madam; about what size?" enquired the amiable clerk.

"Well, I couldn't tell exactly without seeing 'em. Just show me some boys' pants."

"Of course; to be sure; how would these suit him?" and the clerk displayed a very cute affair for a boy of about five years.

"O, sakes alive! he's bigger'n that; he ain't no baby, Johnnie ain't."

"Would these be about the figure for him?" and the clerk presented another pair to view, very much larger.

"Law, no! he couldn't wear them no more'n nothin'."

"Well here's something that ought to fit him, I'm quite sure."

"Sakes alive! hain't you got nothin' bigger'n that?"

"Yes; but I thought you wanted them for a small boy."

"Well, he's quite a good sized boy."

"Here's another pair. I assure you these would fit a large-sized boy."

"Shoo! these wouldn't reach to his ankles. He'd be worse off in them than the ones he wears now. Git somethin' about a foot longer."

"You mean a man's size, don't you?"

"No, I don't. They're for my little boy."

"But we have nothing larger in boys' suits."

"You ain't?"

"No."

"Well, I don't know what I'll do; guess I'd better look some other place."

"Wait a minute; just look over here;" and the clerk conducted the woman to another department, and presented for her examination a pair of trowsers designed for the adornment of a man of about six feet.

"Oh, them's the very thing. How much be they? Why didn't you tell me you had 'em afore?"

"Because I didn't know how big your little boy was. It seems to me he must be quite a chunk of a boy when a man's clothes fit him."

"Well, I declare to goodness; it must be that he's a man. I never once thought on it that way afore. It just struck me this minute. How they do grow up, don't they?"

And when a satisfactory bargain had been concluded the perplexed and surprised woman departed with her bundle.—*Detroit Free Press.*

And He Did.

He—Doctor, every time I raise a hand I'm completely knocked out with pain.

Doctor—Then you had better play some other game.

For Nervous Debility

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. A. M. Billy, Mitchell, Dak., says: "I have used it in a number of cases of nervous debility, with very good results."

Wearing on Him.

Mr. Scraggs.—That man Jones never pays his fare; he just travels on his face.

Mrs. Scraggs.—I wondered what made his features look so irregular.

Is your blood poor? Take BECHAM'S PILLS.

The Responsibility Placed.

Frank.—Who set this fashion of ladies wearing suspenders?

May.—Dr. Mary Walker, I believe.

The Pleasure of It.

"We have pleasure in saying," writes Mr. H. I. McIntosh, secretary and treasurer of the Universal Knitting Machine Co., Toronto, Ont., "a good word for St. Jacobs Oil. Our employes use it extensively and report it an invaluable cure for pains, bruises, etc. Cases have been reported to us where it has worked like a charm. There's nothing like it." Everybody says so.

"None But the Brave," Etc.

Tom—May I kiss you

Sally—They say kissing tends to the propagation of microbes.

Tom—Well, you can kiss me, then—I'm not afraid of 'em.

LALLY!!!
LACROSSE STICKS
AND
Athletic Requisites of All Kinds
Sold at reasonable prices. Special discount to clubs.
FRANK S. TAGGART & CO.
89 King St. West, Toronto

NEW
Photos on Opal
ARTISTIC
Photos in Black and White, mat finish
BEAUTIFUL
Steel Engraving Effect
WALKER
147 Yonge Street

Reproved.

Clara—I heard that Miss Clinker told you the other night that my gowns never fitted me.

Claude—Yes, and I was very much provoked with her.

Clara—What did you say to her?

Claude—I told her that she was altogether too blunt.

Is Cold Sea Bathing Dangerous?

At a recent meeting of physicians in London the question of sea baths for ladies was brought up for discussion. It was unanimous decided that a woman received great benefit from a sea bath, provided that she was free from chill afterwards. This risk may be totally avoided, if after a good rub down of oil, warm underwest and drawers similar be worn, and the registered and now celebrated "Health" Brand underwear, is what is specially recommended by all Canadian doctors of note. A silk woven label on neck of vest and band of drawers with the word "Health" on, is your only sure guarantee of getting this make; but you will never buy any other once you have worn them.

The Holy of Holes.

Jess.—They are getting things down fine now at Asbury Park.

Bess.—What are the latest regulations?

Jess.—No bathing, except on foggy days; no going to prayer meeting, without a chaperon.

WE WILL SEND absolutely FREE for three months one of the best Family Journals published (24 long columns) to every person who can find

THREE FACES

On this figure.

Enclose 9 cents to pay for mailing.

Medical Adviser and Farm Help, Bowmanville, Ont.

Mention *Saturday Night.*

CANCER For 6 cts. in stamps you can learn how to cure it without knife or plaster. Mention *Saturday Night* and address STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont.

The Canada Sugar Refining Co.
(Limited) MONTREAL
MANUFACTURERS OF REFINED SUGARS OF THE WELL-KNOWN BRAND
Redpath
OF THE HIGHEST QUALITY AND PURITY
Made by the Latest Processes, and Newest and Best Machinery, not surpassed anywhere.
LUMP SUGAR
In 50 and 100 lb. boxes.
"CROWN" Granulated
Special Brand, the finest which can be made.
EXTRA GRANULATED
Very Superior Quality.
CREAM SUGARS
(Not dried).
YELLOW SUGARS
Of all Grades and Standards.
SYRUPS
Of all Grades in Barrels and half Barrels.
SOLE MAKERS
Of high class Syrups in Tins, 2 lbs. and 5 lb. each.

The Claim-jumper.

"What's that over thar, Bill?" asked Joe Scraggs, pointing toward an object that had made its appearance on the prairie a mile to the south. Bill Barnum looked in the direction indicated.

"A house, or I'm a livin' liar!" exclaimed Bill, with emphasis. "An' on Dick Barber's claim, too!" he continued, with a gesture of excitement.

"Do ye suppose he's goin' ter jump Dick's claim?" asked Joe.

"I dunno," answerd Bill. "I guess he's not stoppin' out thar for the good of his health. If he is, I'm thinking he'll soon go 'way on the same errant, won't he, Joe?"

"You bet!" sasentioned Joe. "But the way ter find out is ter go over an' see; an' while ye air cookin' supper, I'll ride over an' interview the stranger."

With this he walked from the door of the half-board, half dugout shanty, where the two had been standing, and approached a small back-wire corral near by, where he mounted a powerful cayuse and galloped away across the wind-swept prairie that separated him from the distant shanty on the prairie to the south.

A few moments' ride brought him to the front of a little dugout shanty that nestled in the side of a hill at the edge of a small ravine. Just around the slight elevation in the prairie was a covered wagon, or "prairie schooner," as they are fan illarly termed in the West.

A pair of sorrel mules, tied to the rear end of the wagon, were busily engaged in eating their evening meal of corn and dry grass out of the wagon-box. A man came out of the shanty with a frying-pan in his hand and held it over a fire in front of the dwelling.

"Hello, thar!" exclaimed Joe angrily. "What in the blazes air ye doin' hyar?"

The stranger turned and looked at the visitor a moment, and then said quietly: "Fryin' meat."

Joe's anger rose. "Oh, ye air, air ye? Wal, as ye seem ter be so smart, mebbe ye ken tell me whose claim ye air squattin' on."

"I reckon I ken; h'it's mine."

"H'it is!"

"That's the way h it looks ter me."

"Look hyar, stranger!" said Joe Scraggs, clinching his fist, "me an' my pardner over thar," jerking his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of his own shanty, "air holdin' this yere claim fer Dick Barber, who's comin' out hyar in the spring from Injiany, an' we'll give ye till ter-morrer to git out o' this!"

"Tain't long enough time," said the stranger, deliberately turning over a liberal slice of "muddling" that smoked in the frying-pan.

"How long do you want?" questioned Joe, his wrath somewhat mollified by the stranger's evident intention of leaving.

"How long does a man have ter live on a claim before he can get a deed for h'it?" was the reply of the stranger.

"Five years," replied Joe.

"Wall, then," continued the stranger, "make h'it five years, an' h'it's a barg'in."

"You impudent skunk!" roared Joe, now thoroughly aroused by the stranger's cool manner; "fer a cent I'd wallup the ground with yer onery carcass."

"Yas, ye might undertake h'it fer a cent, but ye'd never lay up any money at h'it," was the answer, as he set the frying-pan down and confronted Joe Scraggs.

Joe now moved his hand towards his pistol, but hesitated.

"Look hyar," said the stranger. "You order me ter leave this claim. Is h'it yourn?"

"No, not exactly mine; but we're holdin' h'it fer a friend, me an' my pardner, air. We've got the two lying north o' this, an' we're holdin' this fer Dick Barber, an' we're goin' ter hold h'it."

"All right," he answered. "I guess h'it won't need much holdin'. H'it'll be hyar when yer friend comes—so will I. If h'it's yer claim, I'll git off; but ye can't hold h'it fer some-body else. I know the law."

"Yes, ye may know the law, but ye don't know our law. We've made a special law fer sich fellers as ye, an' we're goin' ter go by that, an' don't ye fergit h'it."

"Wal, when ye force me ter go, I'll go—not before."

Angry words rose to Joe's lips, but he hesitated. The cool, indifferent manner of the claim-jumper puzzled him.

He was about to speak, when the tramp of a horse's feet sounded in the grass behind him, and Bill Barnum rode up, a Winchester rifle slung across his saddle.

"Thought mebbe ye'd have trouble," he explained, "an' that I'd come over and see ye out."

"Bill," said Joe, gaining courage at the arrival of reinforcements, "he says he hain't a-goin' ter leave."

"Won't, he!" Bill answered, bringing his Winchester down on the stranger. "Now, ye load up yer traps an' git."

"All right," he answered doggedly. "You've got ther advantage o' me. I'll go, but I'll git even with ye some time, see if I don't;" and he began tumbling his effects together.

Bill and Joe watched him while he piled his traps into the wagon.

"Stranger," said Bill, "we don't want ter be hard on yer, an' we don't mind sayin' ye kin yer little shanty, seein' as ye can't take h'it along."

"No, h'it ain't worth nothin'," was the answer. "I don't mind givin' a good neighbor a little thing like that."

"Wal, Bill," said Joe, "h'it's gittin' late, an' we'd better be gettin' back ter the shanty an' lookin' after our supper."

"Supper!" exclaimed Bill. "Thar hain't nothin' ter supper, nor kindlin' ter cook it, unless that onery cuss gits back from Attiey to night."

"Don't say that," answered Joe. "H'it makes me hungrier an a b'ar ter hear ye speak like thar. Hain't we got nothin' ter eat?"

"No, nothin' but a few pieces o' hard bread an' a bit or two o' meat. That onery cuss, John Biggs, that we sent after grub to Attiey "ll git drunker than a b'iled owl, an' not come back till we go after him, like as not."

With this they turned their horses around and rode away in the direction of home, leaving the stranger standing in silence looking after them.

Ike Dover—for such was the stranger's name—turned and entered his shanty.

"Wal, h'it means pull out, I reckon," he muttered; "but I'll jist stay hyar till mornin', anyway."

The sun had gone down behind a bank of tawny, purple clouds, and an ashy pallor overspread the sky.

"Goin' ter have bad weather," observed Joe Scraggs, as they rode through the fast-gathering darkness.

Late that night Bill punched Joe in the ribs with his elbow and said:

"Joe, h'it's gittin' colder 'an all git out. We've got ter git up an' find some more covers. Gee whiz! listen ter that wind!"

Bill got up and struck a light and put on his clothes.

The weather had suddenly grown intensely cold, and the wind was roaring across the prairie and sweeping through the dead grass with a sharp, hissing sound.

Bill opened the door and looked out.

A great gust of wind swept into the room, whirling a cloud of snowflakes with it and extinguishing the light.

"A blizzard!" exclaimed Bill, slamming the door and relighting the lamp.

Joe had also got up and was putting on his clothes.

"We must see ter the hosses," he said, drawing on his heavy boots. "They'll freeze ter death in that shed if they hain't blanketed."

He opened the door and went out, and in a few moments returned.

"The hosses air gone!" he exclaimed; "broke loose an' been driv' away by the blizzard."

"One uv us must go after 'em," exclaimed Bill. "H'it won't do to lose 'em. They'll die in this storm if they don't find shelter."

"Yes, an' you'd die a dozen times fore ye'd find 'em in this storm."

"Poor animals!" exclaimed Bill; "but h'it can't be helped."

Bill kindled a fire in the little sheet-iron stove in the corner.

The air was growing colder and colder every moment, and the circle of heat around the stove grew smaller and smaller with each surge of the wind as it shook the loose boards on the roof and sent the sleet and snow hissing through the crevices.

The two men drew their chairs near the stove after replenishing the flame from a pile of coal in the corner of the room.

Morning came at last, gray and desolate, with blinding clouds of snow and sleet sweeping across the prairie. The storm showed no signs of abating, but was increasing in its fury.

"Joe," said Bill, breaking the silence, "nobody can't come from Attiey ter-day; an' the pervisions—that's not hin' in the house ter eat."

Joe got up and looked out at the small window.

"H'it's as ye say, Bill; thar can't nobody come from Attiey ter-day," and then, huskily, "H'it may be a week 'fore they can."

The two men looked at each other, and each read the other's thoughts.

"Thar can't nobody git nowhar now, an' mebbe not fer a week. Bill, we sir in a bad fix."

Bill made no reply, but filled a large black pipe, lit it, sat down by the fire, and began puffing away in silence.

Joe brought more fuel from the corner and filled up the stove.

The day passed and night came down, and still the storm raged and the snow fell in blinding clouds.

It was at the close of the fifth day, and neither Bill nor Joe had tasted food for four days, and as they looked out across the desolate, snow covered plain their hearts sank within them.

"Bill," said Joe huskily, "we can't hold out much longer. H'it'll be more 'an a week 'fore anyone could git hyar or we could git away."

"Yas, an' that will be too late," answered Bill, an ashy pallor overspreading his thin face.

The next morning Joe arose, kindled the fire in the little stove and sat down in silence.

Bill did not get up, but remained in bed, a pinched look settling over his features. It was getting late in the afternoon when he called Joe to the bedside.

"Joe," he said feebly, "I hain't got much longer ter stay with ye. This yere cold is freezin' my thin blood, an' I'm gittin' weaker an' weaker."

"Come, come, Bill!" said Joe, a great lump rising in his throat. "Cheer up, mebbe som'thin' 'll turn up; mebbe——"

"Tain't no use, Joe. We've all got ter go some time. Tain't no use in hoping when thar hain't nothin' ter expect."

Joe made no reply. Stooping down presently, he drew a little box from under the bed and took out a small piece of dry, hard bread and laid it by the side of Bill.

"I saved h'it ter ye, Bill," he said, turning away.

"No—no!" said Bill; "h'it's better fer one uv us ter go'an both uv us. Mebbe, as ye say, somethin'll turn up, an' ——"

A muffled sound like footsteps in the snow came from the outside, and something like the sound of a human voice mingled with the hissing wind.

Joe listened, but the sound was not repeated. He opened the door and looked out.

A few feet from the threshold, half-buried in the drifting snow, was the prostrate figure of a man, a large bundle of something at his side. A moment, and Joe was s'ooping over the prostrate figure. He shook him, but he did not speak. Then by a series of heroic efforts he dragged the unconscious man into the dugout. As he did so, a bundle that was strapped about the shoulders of the unfortunate became detached and rolled over on the floor, displaying a small bag of flour and a chunk of bacon.

"H'it's John Biggs come back!" exclaimed Joe; "an' he's brought enough pervisions ter carry us through, thank God! but, pore feller, he's almost done fer!"

He hurriedly stirred up the fire in the little stove, and then, turning the unconscious man, he brushed the snow from his wan face.

"Bill," he said, starting with surprise, "h'it ain't John Biggs—h'it's the claim jumper. He's saved our lives, Bi'l, an' after we was goin' ter run him away."

"My God!" exclaimed Bill, struggling feebly out of the bed, new strength coming to his feeb'e frame. "We must save him, Joe, if he ain't already dead. We mustn't let him die."

The two men, shivering with cold and weak from hunger, worked as they never worked before. By their combined efforts they lifted the poor benumbed stranger from the floor and laid him tenderly in their only bed.

He opened his eyes and muttered something in an incoherent manner. The two men bent over him and listened.

"H'it ain't much furder," he muttered. "I heard 'em say they didn't have nothin' ter eat over thar—an', like Dover, h'it's a long ways fer help 'em. No—no—they wur goin' ter run me off'n the claim; it's be much furder— Oh, if I could only sleep a little—h'it ain't cold now."

Joe took hold of his hands and held them in his own. They were frozen as hard as icicles! He looked at Bill and uttered a groan.

"He can't live, Bill," he said chokingly.

Bill bent over the bed, his face close to that of the dying man.

"Pardner," he said, his voice husky with emotion, "you've throwed away yer life fer us that didn't deserve nothin' but yer hate. You've froze them pore hands fer us onery wolves that would 'a' driv' ye 'way from yer claim. Oh, if ye could only live ter tell me how mean an' onery I've been ter ye—" Here Bill broke down and wept like a child.

Presently the dying man muttered: "H'it's all right—I see h'it now—thar is the cabin, right ahead—" And with these words his spirit fled.

For a long time the only sound that broke the stillness of that desolate prairie home was the sobbing of two strong men and the blessing of the winter wind.—*Will Lisenbee in Frank Leslie's Weekly.*

Laying the Pipes.

Voice from the Next Room—What are you doing, dear?

Mr. T. Aker Tripp—Writing to my cousin John.

Voice from Next Room—Why, you haven't seen him in twenty years!

Mr. T. Aker Tripp—I know it; but I've heard that he's gone to live in Chicago, and the World's Fair's next year, you know.

DOCTOR'S ORDERS

Sir James Grant, of Ottawa, says: "To secure health in our Canadian climate pure wool undervests are very necessary, and I feel confident you have accomplished a good work in the production of the

'HEALTH BRAND,'

which cannot fail to meet the requirements of our people. Wishing you every possible degree of success."

The above speaks for itself, and every lady who desires light, luxurious, comfortable and warm undervests and drawers will find all these qualities combined in the "Health Brand." None genuine without a woven silk label, marked "Health."

For sale by every dry goods store in Canada.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

J. M.—The *Lake Magazine* and the *Dominion Monthly.*

BEN.—Good nature, some vivacity, lack of ambition, discretion, sense of humor, hon sty, t ste, and generally correct judgment, some sympathy, truth, generosity and love of novelty are shown. I had a lovely half'ay, that's you.

WILD QUIRKS.—A consideration and modest young lady with good judgment, light, though firm, decision, very practical and neither famous for originality nor ambition. Temper is generally good, but sometimes sharp, and artistic taste very undeveloped and crude.

TRIXIETTE.—You are decided, independent, somewhat imaginative, rather discreet in speech, have lofty ideals and a generally high tone of thought, like an easy time but plenty of admiration, are a trifle se f-willed and impatient, with good care and some taste which needs culture.

SIMCOE.—An erratic and original method, some se f-esteem, some inconstancy, weakness of detail, impatience, undue self-assertion, a wayward and uncontrolled imagination, not necessarily blameworthy, an artistic bent, great energy, and a decidedly warm temper are a few of the traits in a study that made me stare.

EDGE.—Frankness and good-nature, with rather a tendency to k quickly, extremely persistent effort, unselfishness and care for details, adaptability, humor, self-reliance and depth of feeling are shown in this very pleasing and respected chirography. I don't think the writer would speak or feel lightly; sense of honor, love of beauty and great sympathy and tact are shown.

DOROTHY DEAN.—Of many moods and divers whims, and much warmth and depth of affection when it is aroused, reserved and fond of yourself and your own pursuits, exceedingly constant, rather faulty in judgment and tact, but true and loyal, gratitude for kindness and wish to please, appreciation of the beautiful in art and nature, no ambition and, though witty, apt to despond easily.

HIAWATHA.—This is a very self-reliant and independent thinker, level-headed, perhaps slightly pr judiced, conservative and tenacious, not hopeful or ambitious, slightly indifferent to details, rather apt to take a pessimistic view of life, somewhat quick-tempered but honorable, very fond of ease and a n ch coward, somewhat romantic but not sentimental, a woman of decided tastes and utter lack of *finesse.*

INFANTRY.—I. How I have tried you, poor little woman! 2. Your writing shows idealism, impulse, determination, a strong will and an ambitious nature, you are impulsive in feeling and rather inclined to be exacting, have good taste, much tact and are very anxious for perfection. I am very sorry I cannot begin the delineation of photographs just now. I will lay the enclosed aside, and if ever I get room, will do it first.

LADY LAVE.—1. This is a very smart and ambitious person, one who spells her writing and herself to undue lire of posing, very se f-assertive, very imaginative, fond of fun, and of decided ability, of many moods and of good discretion, slightly impatient of detail but desirous of perfection. 2. Lady Gay thanks you very much for your kind invitation and is sure it could not fail to give her pleasure and interest to see the places you so prettily describe.

SHIRLEY.—1. The bride should, as you suggest, wear gray but I don't think she should ever put on crape again, quiet half-tones would be sufficient, black and white, gray and black, and later, mauve. 2. Your writing shows tenacity, some ideality, love of society and rather an excess of sentiment is speech. Judgment is defective, and temper apt to be touchy, self-esteem large, conscientiousness excellent, and nature generally practical and common sense, some obstinacy and lack of ta t are shown, writer would fail in diplomacy.

FLUTTERS.—1. One can hardly judge of your merits as a correspondent by what you write for a graphological study, my dear young lady. As you say, it places you under such a difficulty to write to a stranger of unknown sex, taste and surroundings. 2. You may tell that gentleman that although affectionate and demonstrative you may be, you are decidedly not "fearfully sentimental." How dare he say so? 3. Your writing shows thought and care, honesty and desire for approbation, generosity, frankness, some originality, a taste for society, and though somewhat formal and labored and lacking the lighter graces, your writing makes a study to be treated respectfully.

MOSSROSE.—Your writing is very studied but extremely legible. So many ladies are taking business college courses now that I don't judge the sex by the writing as quickly as I used. Yours could certainly pass for a gentleman's business hand. If you really want suggestions I should recommend you to leave off, in private correspondence, all the superabundant flourishes which are so prevalent. Do not make it angular, it is much more pleasing and legible as it is. In such a formal study very little character is shown, but there is some decision, ambition, constancy, discretion, good taste and judgment, candor, love of beauty, sym pa hy and sensibility; perhaps self-esteem, pride and will are strong enough to be healthy.

M. E. F. H.—1 Why didn't you use the rest of the alphabet? 2 I must say that the writing often corresponds with the substance of the study when the latter has any character, but this one of ten of them have, like your own, only mere commonplaces. My best studies have been from such specimens. 3 You are energetic and ambitious, fond of family and naturally hopeful, very frank in speech and slightly lacking in tact and caution; you are anything but stupid, fond of motion, novelty and society of the bright sort, sometimes careless of small matters, but a good, straight, reliable sort of a genius. I think you are orderly and methodical (perhaps or compulsion), at any rate you are quick and pleasant and should be successful.

IVY LEAF.—If I told you to read the rules there was some reason. A great many of my correspondents say, "I enclose coupon," and no coupon do I find. In a letter of two I get a coupon, with the usual apology, I don't say you did that, but you might have. I don't in the least think you a bother, and am sorry you have had another wait for your delineation. 2 You are kind and good, especially to yourself, rather fond of pretty things, can ful in speech, a little fond of praise, and apt to be easily discouraged, sometimes afraid of censure, rather given to leaning on others, and too much influenced by circumstance. The *nom de plume* you chose is very *apropos*, at the same time you have character and are lovable but, I venture to say, immature.

G. A.—1. Neither brilliantine nor glycerine are good for your eyebrows and lashes, especially not the latter. If you tickle much with your eyelashes you will be sorry. If your eyebrows are not heavy enough to please you, touch them *very lightly* with an Indian ink pencil. 2. I don't think a lady would much a gentleman whom she cared for—a silly coquette might such a dude and no one would go into mourning—but I don't see the necessity for snubbing gentlemen. If they're gentlemen they don't need it. 3 You can very well wear a pale blue hat with a dark green velvet dress, it is quite an effective combination. 4. A dark pinkish-colored dress can be worn by any person if her complexion is fresh and clear, but to a sallow person it would be very trying. 5. If she respects herself she would do nothing. 6 Have no room for delineation, you have asked so many trivial questions. Your writing is depth of feeling are shown in this very conscientious and decidedly clever and able method. You are fond of fun and easily pleased, but lack self-control.

ADAMANT.—I admire the Silurian paper, it rests the eyes and is, I should think, admirable for any but business letters and formal notes. 2. A famous graphologist says: "When most (f fun and fond of ease, combined pretension and carelessness, ardor and eccentricity are combined with sensitiveness, it is time to be alarmed, unless the musician you mention as well as I do, you will recognize the force of the statement." 3 I do not remember that you that you are a likable person. 4 I keep them all in weekly packages tied with string and take them in the order of their date, which is usually sufficient. 5 Your writing shows energy and refinement, some bright fancy and a decidedly sympathetic and affectionate nature. You have dignity and self-respect, desire for success, and an admirable perseverance, though you are naturally indolent. 6 As also you should be very careful, first is sometimes misplaced and fancy uncontrolled, and I don't think business facility is largely yours. But I see no many charming qualities in you that I can't criticize. A slight lack (f repression and self-control, and a too easily aroused energy *prepre* are only the usual faults in an intensely womanly woman.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—1. You may lay it down as an axiom that a lady should never write to a gentleman anything from a mother. Truly, all mothers are not to be trusted allke, and discretion sometimes counsels a reticence. In the case you mention, if the proposed arrangement were likely to annoy the mother, I don't think a good daughter would do anything to further it. I do not know exactly the case I can see no reason why the mother should object to obliging the friend. Of course among well-bred and refined society people it would be an impossible arrangement, as such as coaling without a chaperone would not be permissible, even among young people very intimate. If the lady you criticise did not express hence I more clearly that you do in your letter, I can quite call her "utterance a series of prickly thorns." I can see no reason why she should wish to. I cannot possibly discover which lady asked your advice, nor can I say anything indirect in giving it (on that account). Your writing shows discretion, but it also shows lack of justice and some duplicity. You are not very earnest, nor yet cordely, and your temper is extremely variably inclined to be sharp, selfishness is slightly shown, but you have a facility of composition and a considerable and refinement wanting. What in the name of chronology made you date your letter 1882? I am reminded of the discussion about plaster casts, and I wish to say with its criticisms on that other "really ill-bred" party.

Delia's Decision;

OR, MR. DALY'S AWFUL MOMENT OF SUSPENSE.

Mrs. Hiram Daly—And why won't you take the place, Delia?

Delia Denny—Will, Ol lolke the place, all rolight; but Ol cudn't shtay in a house wid such a mad-looking sick man in it.

Mrs. Daly—Oh, there's nothing serious the matter with Mr. Daly, Delia; only, you see, I've had to do the cooking myself for the last few days, and he isn't feeling very well.

The Value of Rest.

"Hustler was all broken down when he went on his vacation. How did he return?"

"Broken up!"

THE ARTIST'S FINGERPOST

OIL COLORS—Hoyt's, Winsor & Newton's.
WATER COLORS—Winsor & Newton's, Reeves'.
CANVAS—Reeves', Winsor & Newton's.
BRUSHES—English, German, American.
EASELS—Hoyt's.
PAPERS—All good makes.
PASTELS—Grumbacher, Faber's, Dixon's.
HARDBOOKS—Winsor & Newton's, Vere Foster's.
CHINA COLORS—Lacroix, Gonache, &c.

In fact everything, and at prices always calculated to please, because no one will ever tell you they can buy better elsewhere.

The Art Metropole

181 Yonge St., Toronto (opposite Temperance St.) and 5, 6 and 7 Toronto Arcade.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Si ck Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

WHO'S YOUR HATTER

WHO'S YOUR HATTER

ESTABLISHED 1847

J. & J. LUGSDIN

THE LEADING

Hatters and Furriers

101 Yonge Street, TORONTO

'Phone 2575

COFF NO MORE

WATSON'S COUGH DROPS

Will give positive and instant relief to those suffering from Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc. R & T. W. stamped on each drop. TRY THEM.

RIPANS TABULES regulate the liver, purify the blood, improve the complexion, make the digestion good, relieve dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, headache, constipation, costiveness, torpid liver troubles, dysentery, bad complexion, offensive breath, and all disorders of the stomach. Liver and bowels. One tablet gives relief. Ask druggists for 5 cent vials. Five cents a dose. Sold by druggists. 2 gross total sales. Sample free. Address RIPANS CHEMICAL CO., 10 Spruce St., New York.

"AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR INDIGESTION."

ADAMS' PEPSIN Tutti-Frutti

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS & CONFECTIONERS

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

LABORING MEN'S REMEDY:

ST. JACOBS OIL,

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN, CURES

RHEUMATISM,

Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Wounds, Soreness, Stiffness, Swellings, Backache, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Burns.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY, Baltimore, Md.
Canadian Depot: TORONTO, ONT.

THREE POINTS

Pozzoni's

COMPLEXION

POWDER: SAFE; CURATIVE; BEAUTIFYING. 1.2.3.

THREE | White, Flesh, Brunette. | POZZONI'S | All Druggists Fancy Stores. | TINTS.

Music.

HAVE you ever met the High Churchman who was wedded to Gregorian chanting? There are, many of him nowadays, and he is always sneering at our Anglican chants and saying that the Gregorian is the only true chant music. If you ask him why, he generally has no answer ready, but vouchsafes a pitying, "Poor benighted friend" sort of smile. I met several of the better sort of him a few evenings ago, and we had a long and interesting conversation on the subject, which enabled some of us to make up our minds on points which had been previously obscure to our minds. Those of my readers who may not know the difference between Anglican and Gregorian chants can pass these lines over, for they will not be interested in such a subject; still, there are many choristers in the Church of England in Canada who take ground very warmly in defence of one or the other of these two forms of musical expression, and a few words on the subject may find favor with such of my readers.

•

It seems to me that the whole question of Gregorians or not-Gregorians is one that for its answer depends entirely upon the surroundings of the people who have to decide. It is like a great many other questions which have arisen from the desire, or its opposite, to copy forms and details from the old Roman Catholic church. It should hardly follow that they should be desirable in the Church of England simply because they are old, any more than it should follow that they are objectionable simply because they have been in use in the Church of Rome. I can remember the time when the clerk sat under the reading desk at St. James' Cathedral in this city and thundered forth his responses, yet few would wish to see this re-introduced simply on the ground of its former use. It served its purpose in the days when it was done, but we have outgrown the conditions of those days, just as the introduction of gas made evening services possible where before that portion of the Sunday's worship had been carried on in the afternoon. When the seven o'clock service was introduced at old St. James' here, it raised quite an outcry because it was an innovation, yet no one would object to it now. So many of these customs have become such through the influence of climatic, social and architectural conditions.

•

If you wish to hear the Gregorians in all their beauty, you should hear a Gregorian mass in a Roman Catholic church. There you have the surroundings in which they were created and, generally speaking, you hear them as they should be sung, that is, antiphonally between chancel and choir, or between the men's voices and those of the boys. In the latter case you have the desirable antiphon between treble and male voices, a contrast which is more effective than most people have come to know. Then, again, the Gregorian tones are especially suitable to a long, gothic building, with high roof and side aisles. In such a church their grand and simple modulations come rolling and resounding, gaining both mystery and awe. In the Anglican churches the antiphonal system is, in most instances, changed to a mere alternation between the two sides of the choir, whereby the character of the contrast is lost. In Toronto there are unfortunately only two Anglican churches whose structural conditions are favorable to the use of Gregorians; for an open space, whether large or small, without the subdivisions of nave, aisles and transepts, to say nothing of the necessity of a proper choir, deprives this music of all its mystery and religious color. Any one who doubts this proposition should carry it to its extreme and try the effect of Gregorian tones in one of the amphitheatrical buildings popularly known to day as churches, when the drop from the sublime will speedily become evident.

•

Many details in the ritual of the churches were the result of the social condition of the masses at the time when these details were instituted. Just as formerly, some portions of the liturgy of the Church of England were repeated sentence by sentence after the priest, because the mass of the worshipers could not read, so the Gregorian tones with their contracted range are the relics of a time when music was limited in extent and treatment. It could hardly be urged that their retention should be a matter of duty, any more than that we should continue a repetition of sentences instead of reading with the clergy, or that we should forego in our churches artificial light and heat because our fore-fathers did so. People are too apt, both to urge and oppose changes, for sentimental reasons connected with the long standing and the associations of existing customs. I heard a good thing said by a clergyman some years ago when a number of brethren of the cloth were bantering each other good naturedly about the little differences between their respective creeds. He said: "You Presbyterians are just like children. You stand to pray and you sit to sing. To show that you are not Roman Catholics you do the exact opposite of what they do." There is a good deal of human nature in such an attitude, and we are not yet free from such weaknesses. There are many churches in Toronto in whose walls a tremendous outcry would be raised if an attempt were made to sing the Psalms. It would at once be decried as an innovation of ritualism, yet twenty-odd years ago the Psalms were chanted every Sunday evening at St. Peter's church here, and nobody in his wildest moments would accuse that church of harboring ritualistic tendencies. The practice was discontinued, not as a matter of principle or conscience, but simply because they could not keep up a choir capable of the work.

•

For our churches here we have a plentiful supply of beautiful Anglican chant tunes, and there is now a Psalter (the Cathedral Psalter) whose pointing is so natural and easy, so thoroughly on the lines of ordinary, dignified and unaffected reading, that doubtful experiments which carry about them the gleam of a party color have become unnecessary and injudicious. The excellence attained by many choirs in the use of this psalter and the Anglican chant tunes only serves to accentuate the hybrid character of a Gregorian service sung as it mostly is sung here, and given in a small church.

•

I have received from Messrs. I. Suckling & Son the latest song published by them, a tender ballad by Tosti, entitled, Why Beatest So, My Heart.

•

On Saturday evening last the Comus, a new musical and literary club, opened their comfortable quarters in the Yonge street Arcade. A very interesting programme was furnished by the members. The opening selection was by the Toronto Mandolin and Guitar Club, Messrs. Jackson, Draper, Lauder and Sparks, followed by Messrs. Edgar J. Ebbels and Henry Blackie, elocutionists; Mr. J. H. Winters, basso; Mr. Harry N Reid, baritone; Mr. T. A. Baker, comic; Mr. Harry Rogers, tenor; Mr. John McGrigor, 'cello. Mr. James Maitland was the accompanist. Mr. W. R. Draper, the president, was in the chair and officiated in his usual happy manner. METRONOME.

•

Among the universities, colleges and other educational institutions in Toronto, there stands among the foremost in its particular branch of education the Toronto Conservatory of Music, which justly claims to be the "pioneer institution of its kind in Canada." Its success from the beginning has greatly exceeded the most sanguine hopes of its founders and many friends. The departments of instruction are very comprehensive, embracing no less than twelve, each devoted to a special field of work distinctive in character. The educational system is conducted under two general departments, the academic or preparatory, and the collegiate or graduating. The first leads the students through a carefully graded course to the point where they enter the collegiate, and then continue their studies until graduation, having no fear of sacrificing time and labor, correcting faults of previous mis-directed efforts. In this department the course of study is intended to occupy a period of at least three years, but advanced pupils are graded according to proficiency on entering, and may graduate in less time. The examinations in the collegiate department are held at the close of the second and fourth terms, and diplomas are granted to those passing the final examinations, and they are entitled to the rank of A. T. C. M. (Associates of the Toronto Conservatory of Music). Those who in addition win also the theory diploma are entitled to the rank of Fellows of the Toronto Conservatory of Music (F. T. C. M.). Being affiliated with Trinity University the degrees of Bachelor of Music and Doctor of Music are attainable by students of the Conservatory. A special normal course has been arranged for students desiring to obtain a teacher's diploma, the winners of which are entitled to A. T. C. M. Students of the Conservatory have in addition several specific free advantages, among which are elementary classes in harmony, sight singing and violin, also ensemble piano instruction, and orchestral practice for advanced students. Lectures on Musical History, Æsthetics of Music, Analyses of Classical Works, Acoustics, Anatomy and Hygiene of the Vocal Organs, Health Principles and other similar subjects. Concerts and recitals are also given, at which the best works of the great masters are performed by students and professional musicians. A musical reference library has been established for the free use of students during the active hours of the Conservatory.

Amateur Stock-Raisers.

DOBSON lives on Dundas street, and having a stable behind his house he bought a cow this spring. Mrs. Dobson and the little Dobs had seen pictures of cows and had tasted real milk occasionally, and they were delighted. Mr. Dobson milked morning and evening and the whole family sat at a safe distance admiring him. Cows were known to be considerably less dangerous than polar bears, but still that cow was big and strong and worth watching. A short time ago a calf arrived, and it is the hero of this true tale. It was too pretty to be made into veal; it must be raised, but how under the sun to wean it was what puzzled the Dobsons.

"Oh, it's easy enough," said Dobson, when his wife expressed solicitude on the matter. "All you've got to do is to shut the cow away from it, and when it gets hungry give it a pail of milk."

They started the experiment Saturday night last, and all through the dark hours the baby bovine bawled and kept not only the Dobsons but all the neighbors awake. It was hungry. Dobson got up early and was hopping mad. He seized a pail of milk and set it before the calf, but it looked at him beseechingly and bawled worse than ever. Then he moved the pail closer and stirred the milk reassuringly with his fingers. Thereupon the calf bawled louder than ever, and the neighbors began to close their windows and some of them looked over the fences and swore. At last in desperation Dob on seized the calf, and with a small milk pitcher poured a pint down its throat. But it threw him over its head and broke the pitcher. In justice to Mrs. Dobson I may say here that she did not put a bib on the calf. Then it bawled again—bawled itself asleep. When it awoke an hour later it made up for time lost in slumber, and Dobson rushed at it with another pail and pitcher. To his dismay came Mrs. Dobson and the little Dobs. Mrs. D is a resourceful lady, and from a neighbor had borrowed a funnel used for pouring coal oil. When her husband had got the calf's head securely fastened between his legs she produced the funnel triumphantly, it was rammed down the mouth opened for bawling purposes, Mrs. D. poured in the milk and the calf couldn't help itself. But it gained strength quietly and then bunted and bumped and raced around with Dobson on its back, while the little Dobs clapped their hands and wanted a ride too. Hidden behind window curtains all the neighbors were watching the fun, and the Dobsons hearing laughter from unseen onlookers hurried into the house, in their confusion forgetting half a pail of milk. They had no sooner got inside than the calf came in, walked up, sniffed around and commenced to drink. The moral of this story is that city people should not raise calves to maturity, it proves that calves do not care to be weaned with spoons and sucking-bottles. ZEKE.

MISS BELL-SMITH, Elocutionist
Late pupil of Dominic Sachs, she will known New York author and reader. Open for Concert engagements. Specialties—Bird Times and Musical Selections.
93 McCaul Street.

MR. J. D. A. TRIPP
Concert Pianist and Teacher of Piano
Only Canadian pupil of Moszkowski, Berlin, Germany, formerly pupil of Eward Fisher. Open for engagements. Toronto Conservatory of Music and 20 Scaton Street, Toronto

HELEN H MOORE, Mus Bach.
Harmony, Counterpoint, Etc.
Students prepared for the University examinations in Music. Toronto College of Music and 508 Church Street.

FRENCH, GERMAN, LATIN, GREEK,
Arithmetic, Algebra, Trigonometry and Physics thoroughly taught. Private or class lessons. Pupils prepared for High School, Matriculation, Civil Service and University examinations. H. G. HARGRAVE, 309 Jarvis St.

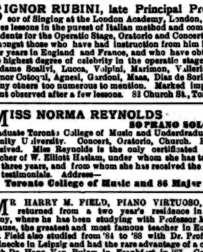
INCORPORATED 1886 TORONTO HON. G. W. ALLAN PRESIDENT
CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
Artists and Teachers' Graduating Courses
University affiliation for Degrees in Music. Scholarships, Diplomas, Certificates, Medals.
Free instruction in Theory, Sight Singing, Violin, Orchestra and Ensemble playing. The Conservatory hospitals, by teachers and students are alone invaluable educational advantages. Teaching staff increased to 56. New music hall and class rooms lately added, also electric light, heat, steam heating, etc. Facilities for general musical education unsurpassed.
SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION
H. N. Shaw, B.A. - Principal
Large, efficient staff. Best methods for development of Vocal, Vocal and Pantomimic Expression. Delsarte and Swedish Gymnastics. Special course in Physical Culture, developing muscles which strengthen voice, also course in Literature. One and two year courses with Diploma.
Conservatory and Elocution Calendars mailed free.
EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director
Corner Yonge Street and Wilton Avenue.

ARTHUR E. FISHER
Mus. Bac. Trin. Coll., Toronto
A.C.O (Eng.) and A.T.C.L. (Eng.)
Principal of the Theoretical Department
At the Toronto Conservatory of Music.
PRIVATE TUITION IN
University Mus. Bac Examination Work, Composition, Pianoforte and Organ
RESIDENCE—91 St. Joseph Street, Toronto.

MISS MCCARROLL, Teacher of Harmony
AT THE
TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
(Formerly principal resident piano teacher at the Bishop Strachan School, Toronto).
Will be prepared to receive pupils in Harmony and Piano Playing on and after September 2, at her residence
14 St. Joseph Street, Toronto.
Pupils of Ladies' Colleges taught at reduction in terms.

J. HARTLEY DENNISON, Prime Tenore
Solo Tenor at Erskine Church
Church, Oratorio, Concert and Opera
231 Crawford Street

ONTARIO COLLEGE OF MUSIC 56 HOMEWOOD AVE. TORONTO, ONT.
ESTABLISHED 1884
CHAS. FARRINGER - - Principal
To insure first-class work from the lowest to the highest grade of music, the pupils of our primary department receive daily instruction, or, in other words, practice under constant supervision of an experienced teacher. From the primary department they are transferred to the care of a teacher, born and educated in Germany, who has had twenty thirty years' experience as a teacher of music in boarding schools for young ladies in this country.
At the close of our last term we had the pleasure of granting first certificates to four of our pupils
FORM OF OUR CERTIFICATES.
This is to certify that M..... has been publicly examined and given satisfaction in the performance of pieces, marked by a distinctness of conception, from selections named on margin hereof, etc.
The margin contains a list of 100 pieces (about 1000 pages) and among the prominent names of the composers we find: Mendelssohn, Mozart, Beethoven, Heller, Schumann, Rubinstein, Chopin, etc. A certificate of this kind is, therefore, not only desirable in Toronto and vicinity, but will speak for itself in any part of the world where the study of music is cultivated.
Young ladies from the country can be accommodated with rooms, board and use of pianos at school.
CHAS. FARRINGER, Principal,
Telephone 3921. 56 Homewood Ave.



TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC (LIMITED)
ARTISTS and TEACHERS' CERTIFICATES DIPLOMAS
Send for calendar. College reopens September 5.
F. H. TORRINGTON, Mus. Director.

SIGNOR RUBINI, late Principal Professor of Singing at the London Academy, London, Eng., gives lessons in the purest of Italian method and completes students for the Operatic Stage, Oratorio and Concert Hall. Amongst those who have had instruction from him in former years in England and France, and who have obtained the Highest degree of celebrity in the operatic stage, are: Madame Scalvi, Lucca, Volpini, Marimon, Villeria and Signor Cotogni, Agnesi, Gardoni, Mass, Diaz de Soria and many others too numerous to mention. Marked improvement observed after a few lessons. 83 Church St., Toronto.

MISS NORMA REYNOLDS
SOPRANO SOLOIST
Graduate Toronto College of Music and Undergraduate of Trinity University. Concert, Oratorio, Church. Pupils received. Miss Reynolds is the only certificated pupil teacher of W. Elliott Hudson, under whom she has taught for three years, and from whom she has received the highest testimonials. Address—
Toronto College of Music and 86 Major St.

MR. HARRY M. FIELD, PIANO VIRTUOSO, HAS returned from a two years residence in Germany, where he has been studying with Professor Martin Krause, the greatest and most famous teacher in Europe. Mr. Field also studied from '94 to '98 with Dr. Prof. Carl Reinecke in Leipzig and had the rare advantage of a course with Dr. Hans Von Bulow, in Frankfort in '97. Concert engagements and pupils accepted. For terms apply at Toronto College of Music and 105 Gloucester street.

B. L. FAEDER, Orchestral Director, Academy of Music, violin artist and teacher, Franco-Belgium method. Studio 277 Sherbourne st. Telephone 963 Open for concert engagements.

MR. E. W. SCHUCH
Conductor Toronto Vocal Society.
Choirmaster St. James' Cathedral
Conductor University Glee Club.
Conductor Harmony Club.
Instruction in Voice Culture and Expression in Singing.
35 Grenville Street

MR. A. S. VOGT
Organist and Choirmaster Jarvis Street Baptist Church
Teacher of the Pianoforte and Organ
Residence, 605 Church Street, Toronto

MISS MARGUERITE DUNN, B E
Graduate of the National School of Elocution and Oratory, Philadelphia.
Teacher of Elocution and Voice Culture and Delsarte Physical Culture.
Open for concert engagements and evenings of readings.
369 Wilton Ave. Toronto College of Music

MR. H. W. WEBSTER, Concert Baritone,
(Late of Westminster Abbey, London.)
Receives Pupils for Singing.
Toronto College of Music, or 428 Church Street.

AS GOVERNESS—Two Young Ladies, just returned from Germany, who will teach French, German and music, seek engagements as resident governesses in schools or families. Good references given and required. Address Box 168, Woodstock.

DR. McLAUGHLIN, DENTIST,
Cor. College and Yonge Streets.
Special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth

VITALIZED AIR FREE
I will insert the best teeth on rubber or celluloid for $8 and $10, and include extracting with the air.
C. H. RIGGS
Cor. King and Yonge Sts. Telephone 1476

STAMMERING
CHURCH'S AUTO-VOCE SCHOOL. No advance fees. 2 Wilton Crescent, Toronto.

DELSARTE COLLEGE OF ORATORY
ELOCUTION AND DRAMATIC ART
Large staff of specialists. Most advanced methods in vocal and visible expression. Fall Term Begins Oct. 4, '98. For large Art Catalogue address the president.
FRANCIS J. BROWN, Y. M. C. A. Building, Toronto.

MARGUERITE A. BAKER
Graduate of the Boston School of Oratory
Teacher of Delsarte System of Expression, Dramatic Art and Physical Culture
Special Voice Work, Bird Notes, &c.
Open for reading engagements. Address till O.M.A.—
Ladies' College, Hamilton

MISS LOUISE SAUERMANN,
Instructor in Voice Culture and Piano.
Pupil of Prof. Julius Von Bernuth and Dr. Hugo Pieman, Hamburg, Germany. 117 Maitland Street.

J. W. L. FORSTER
Portraits a Specialty
STUDIO 81 KING ST. EAST ARTIST

MISS CLAIRE BERTHON, Portrait Painter, is prepared to receive a limited number of pupils in painting and drawing. Terms on application.
Studio, 591 Sherbourne Street

AUTUMN SKETCHING
The sketching class at the Toronto School of Landscape will recommence on
Tues ay Morning, September 20
and continue during favorable weather. Address—HENRY MARTIN, Artist, 688 Church Street, corner of Isabella.

MANDOLIN LESSONS—By Lady Professor from Italy. Highest references from London, Eng., and New York. Terms, &c., address Miss H. W. WEBSTER, Toronto College of Music or 428 Church St.

LLOYD N. WATKINS
308 Church Street
Thorough instruction on Banjo Guitar, Mandolin and Zither.

BERT KENNEDY
Teacher of Bandola and Saxophone (A. & B. Nordheimer sole agents) Toronto College of Music. Private instruction given: Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin at residence, 334 Jarvis Street. Call in mornings.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF EXPRESSION
EIGHT PROMINENT SPECIALISTS
Our specialist in DELSARTE, Gesture and Esthetic Physical Culture has received seven years of training from ablest teachers in America. Full term begins October 17. One, two and three year's courses. Calendar sent.
PRINCIPAL MOUNTEER,
Arcade, cor. Yonge and Gerrard Sts. Toronto, Can.

J. W. F. HARRISON
Organist and Choirmaster St. Simon's Church.
Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.
ORGAN AND PIANO
94 Gloucester Street

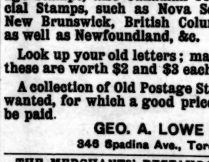
W. O. FORSYTH
Lessons in Piano Playing and Theory
Studied in Leipzig and Vienna under Dr. S Jadassohn, Martin Krause and Prof Julius Epstein.
Modern methods. Address—
111 College Street. Toronto

FREDERICK BOSCOVITZ
STUDIO (For Piano Lessons Only)
15 KING STREET EAST
(Messrs. Nordheimer)

WALTER DONVILLE
TEACHER OF VIOLIN
Pupil of Prof. Carrodus, Trinity College, London, Eng.
8 Buchanan St., and Toronto College of Music

GRENVILLE P. KLEISER
The Distinguished Elocutionist
In "THE MAN WHO HAD HIS LEG SHOT OFF" and other Recitations—Humorous, Dramatic and Pathetic—may now be engaged for entire evenings of readings or for part programmes. For circular, terms, etc., address—
25 Abingdon Street, New York City,
or 49 Elm Street, Toronto, Can.

CENTRAL Business College
TORONTO and STRATFORD
The Toronto School is the largest and best equipped business college in Canada. The Stratford College has an excellent reputation in Western Ontario for thorough work. Every interested person is earnestly invited to visit these institutions and examine the complete facilities. Such inspection will cause the visitor to place a higher estimate on business education and to take a deeper interest in superior work. The courses of study in each institution is of unusual thoroughness, yet strictly practical. Business practice will be extensively carried on between the students in the two schools.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
Students admitted daily. Handsome catalogues free.
Location of Toronto School, Cor Yonge and Gerrard. SHAW & ELLIOTT Principals



ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE
WHITBY, ONT.
Doing the most advanced work of any Ladies' College in Canada. Charming location. Elegant buildings. Rates moderate. Apply for information to
PRINCIPAL HARE, Ph.D.

STAMPS WANTED
Wanted, obsolete Canadian Postage Stamps, also Canadian Provincial Stamps, such as Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, British Columbia, as well as Newfoundland, &c.
Look up your old letters; many of these are worth $2 and $3 each.
A collection of Old Postage Stamps wanted, for which a good price will be paid.
GEO. A. LOWE
346 Spadina Ave., Toronto

THE MERCHANTS' RESTAURANT
6 and 8 Jordan Street
This well-known restaurant, having been recently enlarged and refitted, offers great inducements to the public. The Dining-room is commodious and the Bill of Fare carefully arranged and choice, while the WINES and LIQUORS are of the Best Quality, and the ALES cannot be surpassed. Telephone 1090. HENRY MORGAN, Proprietor.

NEWCOMBE -:- PIANOS
Endorsed by the highest musical authority.
THE FINEST MADE IN CANADA
OCTAVIUS NEWCOMBE & CO.
MANUFACTURERS
TORONTO MONTREAL OTTAWA
Head Office—107-9 Church Street

NEW MUSIC
Anita Valse Espagnole, by B. Renbe ..... 60c.
Victoria, new dance, by H. M. Early, music by Chas. Bohner.. 40c.
Danse Romantique (Jersey or Schottische) F. E. Galbraith.... 40c.
Skirt Dance, Marjrie, by L. Gray 25c.
Tar and Tartar Waltzes, arranged by E. Franz..... 50c.
Lacrosse Jersey, by Nellie Smith 40c.
Comic Song, There's Not Another Like Us, by James Fax..... 40c.
Sacred Song, Sun of My Soul, by Nellie Smith ..... 50c.
Elite Song Folio, a splendid collection of song, paper cover..... 75c.
WHALEY, ROYCE & CO., Publishers
158 Yonge Street, Toronto

SHAKESPEARE SAID:
"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," but how much more uneasy are the people who are content to walk about in bad-fitting Boots and Shoes. One visit to our establishment is the remedy (and the only one) therefor. Do not delay, as the foot is so delicate in its construction that one pair of those ill-formed and badly cut boots you have been unfortunate enough to secure may run you into "understanding."
Note the address—
H. & C. BLATCHFORD, 87 and 89 King St. East

PICKLES' STILL LEADS IN SHOES
Selling off very cheap this week.

PICKLES' SHOE PARLOR, 326 YONGE STREET

Miraculous Water
IS USED FOR
Removing Pimples, Blotches, &c., and for beautifying
THE COMPLEXION
Ask your druggist for it, or send to
P. BRUNET, 31 Adelaide St. West

GET YOUR HATS BLOCKED AT
H. & W. WATSON'S
11 Adelaide Street West

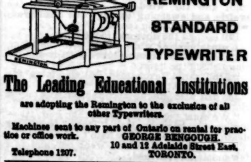
BALD HEADS
We warrant Capilline to produce the growth of hair and remove dandruff. No mineral poisons.
Love's Drug Store, 166 Yonge Street

ARCADE, YONGE ST., TORONTO.
SEND for Circular
British American Business College
Will RE-OPEN SEP. 1
C. O'DEA Secy

GOLDEN HEALTH PELLET
Specific in Sick Headaches, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver and Pile troubles and Menstrual difficulties. Worth a guinea a box. Price 25c.; 5 boxes for $1. Send for pamphlet to
THOMPSON'S HOMŒOPATHIC PHARMACY
394 Yonge Street, Toronto

F. W. MICKLETHWAITE
PHOTOGRAPHER
Cor. King and Jarvis Streets, Toronto
Established 1876.
Mikado Panels, 6 for 50c.; $1 a doz.
Sunbeams, 4 for 25c.

REMOVAL - -
ELDRIDGE STANTON
Has removed his Photographic Studio to
11 King Street West



The Leading Educational Institutions
are adopting the Remington to the exclusion of all other Typewriters.
Machines sent to any part of Ontario on rental for practice or office work. GEORGE BENGOUGH,
10 and 12 Adelaide Street East,
Telephone 1307. TORONTO.

KINDLING WOOD FOR SALE
Thoroughly dry and delivered to any part of the city or any part of your premises at the following prices (paid when delivered), viz: 6 crates for $1; 13 crates, $2; 30 crates, $3. A crate holds as much as a barrel. Send a post card to HARVIE & CO., 30 Sheppard Street, or go to your nearest Grocer or Druggist and telephone 1870.

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

Rosedale. An orchestra stationed on the veranda played delightful music, and phonograph selections, songs and conversation sped the flying hours from eight to eleven o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty, Col. and Mrs. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. James Scott, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Brodie, Mrs. Crawford, the Misses Livingston, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Tackaberry, Mr. and Mrs. Bourlier, Mrs. and the Misses Wilkes were among the many guests of the evening.

*

Mr. A. C. Winton left Toronto last Thursday for a couple of weeks' tour to Boston, New York and New Jersey. Mr. Winton is combining business with pleasure.

*

Hon. Lyman M. and Mrs. Jones, formerly of Winnipeg, have come to Toronto to reside. Mr. Jones has taken the spacious residence of Mr. Albert Nordheimer, corner of Bloor street and Avenue road.

*

Mr. Egerton Shore and Miss Katharine Shore of St. George street have just returned after an enjoyable European trip.

Miss Johnston of New York, Miss Merrill of Brockville, and Mr. W. Barley of Mitchell, have been the guests of Mrs. Hicks.

*

The lawn tennis tournament, which took up the attention of a very fashionable party last week, was a very great success. On Friday the hostesses were Mrs. Yarker and Mrs. Elmes Henderson; on Saturday, Mrs. Oliver Macklem and Mrs. James Henderson received the guests. Monday being the usual At Home day of the club, no particular hostesses were called upon to do the honors. Mrs. Kirkpatrick was present on Saturday and Monday. On Saturday she wore a pink and black costume, and on Monday a light olive green satin. Mrs. Bankes looked well in black with blue trimming. Much admiration was accorded the little son of the Lieutenant-Governor, who wore a white sailor suit with light blue silk facings, which was charmingly *chic*. On Saturday I noticed Prof. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith and Miss Crooks, Mrs. H. G. Baldwin, the Misses Clark, the Misses Boulton, Miss Wilkie, Miss Dixon, Mrs. McCulloch, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mrs. Meyrick Bankes, Mrs. McMahon, Mrs. John Cawthra, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Mr. George Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Kirkpatrick, Mr. F. E. Hodgins, Miss Merritt, Col. Fred Denison, Miss Cumberland, Miss Greene, Rev. T. C. and Mrs. Macklem, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Tait, Miss Hagarty, the Misses Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Yarker, Mr. Allan Cassels and many others. Mrs. Kirkpatrick smilingly presented the prizes and the winners were loudly cheered. This tournament, which was, I believe, the first handicap given by a Toronto club, was most successful both as to excellence of play and number of entries. Among the best players of the older members are Messrs. Matthews, Kerr, Plummer, Macklem and Kirkpatrick, while the newer members may be proud of Messrs. Jack Moss, Smellie and Tait. The success of the handicap tournament will no doubt lead to its repetition on the same lines.

*

The fair promised to be held by the ladies of Toronto in aid of the St. George's Society Fund is taking shape. A meeting was held at the residence of Mrs. Herbert Mason on Wednesday evening and some arrangements completed. I hope by next week to give some interesting forecasts of what bids fair to be a grand success.

*

Miss Mason's waltz, Government House, is published and has already been played to admiring hearers.

*

The theaters have scarcely filled up yet with their usual winter audiences. A capital play was enjoyed by the Lieutenant Governor and party on Wednesday evening at the Grand. Among the audience I noticed: Mr. and Mrs. Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. Goulding, Mr. and Mrs. Ridout and party, Mr. and Mrs. William Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. Mara and party, Mr. and Mrs. Dunison and party. A magnificent theater bodice of claret satin almost covered with gold passementerie and sequins, set off the bonnie form of one of the prettiest women in Toronto.

*

Miss Sadie McKenna of Cote des Neiges, Montreal, is visiting Mrs. Haldimand of Euclid avenue.

*

Mrs. Willie Galbraith returned home last week after spending a most delightful summer at Maplehurst, Muskoka.

*

The Wanderers' Bicycle Club hold their racemeet this afternoon at Rosedale.

*

A happy wedding party assembled last Wednesday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George Furniss, 501 Spadina avenue, to witness the marriage of Miss Maude Lilian Litle and Mr. Andrew Low of Barrie, who were united in matrimony by the Rev. F. G. Plummer of St. Matthias. The bride wore a white silk gown with silver passementerie, and a veil which was as remarkable for its association as its beauty, it having shrouded the blushes of several members of the handsome bride's family. Miss Gertrude Litle was bridesmaid, and though not "divinely tall" like her sister, she was blonde and bonnie, in a pale blue mull frock and crystal girdle. Mr. F. G. Hornsby of Barrie was the best man. Mr. and Mrs. Low left for the wedding trip by the late train. Mrs. Low's going-away gown was a very *chic* gray and brown, with hat to match.

A Difficult Problem

Hoffman Howes—I see by the papers that the pwince started waising hosses five yeahs ago.

Howell Gibson—Ya-sa. And we must do everything the pwince does.

Hoffman Howes—But how the dooce can we start waising hosses five yeahs ago?

Their Weakness.

Mr. Needabath (in City Hall Park)—I'm s'prised ter see you sittin' here lookin' at the water. Water! Ugh!

Weary Wiggins—Yes; but you see the fountain is playin', not workin'. Workin'! Ugh!

A Fashionable Bag.

The above engraving represents a bag which is now used to a large extent by both ladies and gentlemen. It is light in weight, can easily be carried in the hand, and is sufficiently large to contain everything requisite for a short trip. Outside straps run around the bag, which enables the traveller to carry a rug or waterproof. Sizes run from twelve to eighteen inches, and price from $2.00 to $6.00 for a very fine bag. H. E. Clarke & Co. carry a very large assortment of these goods at their handsome store, 105 King street west.

Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House POPULAR WITH THE PEOPLE

WEEK OF MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 26

Matinees Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday

The Reigning Dramatic Sensation of the Century

WALTER SANFORD'S

Superb Production of the Great American, English and Australian Success

MY JACK

Illustrated with Twelve Scenic Masterpieces by the Late Matt Morgan

MARVELOUS ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL EFFECTS!

A MAGNIFICENT COMPANY OF DRAMATIC ARTISTS!

Out of Town

CLINTON.

On Thursday evening, September 15, in the Opera House here, an exceedingly fine and highly appreciated elocutionary and musical recital was given by Miss Harriett Mar Sibley, late of the Detroit School of Training, but now of the Hardy School at Duluth, and Miss Hallie Combe, graduate of the Conservatory of Music of Toronto. Great interest was taken in this entertainment, the parents of these ladies residing in this place and being well and favorably known. Miss Sibley has only recently graduated, yet her histrionic ability has attracted much attention in many cities in the States, where she has appeared many times before critical audiences. Her renditions of such pieces as Vashti, Hiawatha, Photographing, Cabel's Courtship, Winter's Tale, and other difficult pieces, were greatly appreciated. Miss Hallie Combe performed many difficult pieces on the piano and proved herself a thoroughly accomplished musician. Both ladies are exceedingly pretty and very popular, and their many friends here predict for them a brilliant future. Miss Sibley has been visiting her home here for several weeks and leaves in a short time for Duluth, and will be unable to accept the many engagements offered her.

GODERICH.

Mrs. Tom of Montreal and her sister, Miss Hutchison, have returned from a trip to Europe. Mrs. Tom is spending a few weeks at her home here.

Mr. C. Heale has returned to New York, where he is engaged with the Harper Bros.

Mrs. Frank Jordan and little Ernest are visiting their friends at Montreal.

Mr. Hilton Holmes is in the Bank of Commerce.

Mr. Rob Le Tonzel left this week to pursue his studies at the Medical College, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Mrs. (Judge) Toms and Miss Sibyl have gone to Indianapolis, where they will remain for a few months.

NIAGARA-ON-THE LAKE.

Miss Fanny Shanklin is the guest of Miss Beaven.

Mr. M. Boyd has been spending a few days with Mr. A. C. Howe.

Mrs. Cash is the guest of Mrs. H. Paffard.

Mr. Arthur Arnold returned to Chicago on Tuesday.

Miss Constance Hewgill left last Wednesday for St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Hunter left on Friday for a six weeks' trip through the North-West.

Mr. N. Merritt of St. Catharines, who has been spending a week or two in town, returned home last Saturday.

Miss Beane of Dundas is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Forbes Geddes.

Miss C. Arnold is spending a few days with friends at Fort Erie.

Miss M. Roberts is the guest of Mrs. G. Warren.

Capt. Milloy's many friends will learn with regret of his serious illness, which necessitated his removal to the hospital in Toronto.

Mr. Percy Hodgins has been spending his holidays here.

The Anchorage is once more deserted. Mr. Syer left last Wednesday for Toronto *en route* to Chicago, accompanied by Mr. Herbert and Master Joe Syer on their way to Trinity College School, Port Hope. Mr. W. Syer returned to Chester, Penn., on Tuesday.

Miss Hunter of Seaforth is at Mrs. Miller's.

Rev. J. Ardill of Merritton was in town on Monday. GALATEA.

October First

We have our Autumn Opening. Our aim this year is to have it a treat for all lovers of fine artistic goods, and we think we'll succeed in making it so.

We want you to see it, even if you never expect to have a want in our line.

We promise—and you are to be the judge—the finest stock of really choice goods ever seen in Canada.

Diamonds and all precious stones, Sterling Silver, Bronzes, Chime Clocks, Onyx Pedestals, Superb Cabinets, and the most artistic fine Jewelry will all be there in abundance. We want you to see it.

Ryrie Bros.

Jewelers

Cor. Yonge & Adelaide Sts.

Regard for Appearances.

Mrs. McGrogan-Mulligan (at De Ate's annual ball)—Phwy do ye be shpoilin' yr party dress rubbin' th' waist wid gr'ase?

Daughter (a neglected wallflower)—To make it look as if some wan had danced wid me.

LABATT'S LONDON ALE AND STOUT.

For Dietetic and Medicinal Use, the most wholesome tonics and beverages available.

Eight Medals and Ten Diplomas at the World's Great Exhibitions

JOHN LABATT

London, Ont.

GOLD MEDAL **JAS. GOOD & CO., Agents, Toronto** JAMAICA 1891

SEND FOR ESTIMATES FOR ANY CLASS OF

CATERING AND CONFECTIONERY

DINNERS BANQUETS

WEBB'S

WEDDING SUPPLIES

ESTABLISHMENT

447 YONGE ST TORONTO ONT.

ENTERTAINMENTS

WEDDING CAKES

Of the best quality and finish SHIPPED with care to ALL PARTS OF THE DOMINION.

Choice sets of Silver Cutlery and China for hire.

HARRY WEBB, 447 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Decorations

AND . . . .

Wall Papers

Our Autumn display embraces many novelties in Relief Ornament, Panel Effects and Exquisite Designs in the French styles of Louis Quinze, Watteau, Empire and some specially fine goods at remarkably low prices.

Elliott & Son

92 to 96 Bay St.

TORONTO

MISS B. PATON DESIRES TO MAKE the announcement to her numerous friends and patrons that she is prepared to present for their consideration the very latest English, French and American fashions. Parisian dinner and evening dresses, designed by L. Michau, medalist, and Dayrow's Fils, editeurs of the Paris *Toilette Journal de Mode*. Tailor-made suits and riding habits a specialty. MISS PATON

R. Walker & Sons, King St. East

NEW DANCES

PROF. J. F. DAVIS announces the following

NEW ROUND DANCES

for the coming season, which are taught in Canada and the United States by hundreds of teachers:

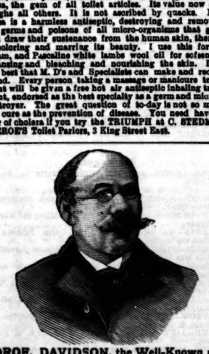
LA PETITE PAVANE
HARVARD GAVOTTE
BOSTON SWING
CARLYLE
LA PANTOMIME
MAS-TERSA SLIDE WALTZ
MAS-TERSA SLIDE SCHOTTISCHE
and GAVOTTE LANCERS

Music for these new dances may be obtained from Prof. J. F. Davis at his

Dancing Academy, 102 Wilton Ave.

Classes for Juveniles, Ladies and Gentlemen now forming. All standard and new dances taught. Kindly call.

Sent to any person with two bottles with complete instructions for use. Vaporizer brass, nickel plated, for $2.50. Facial massage with Hermosa, the gem of all toilet articles. Its value now outweighs all others. It is not satisfied by quacks. Hermosa is a harmless antiseptic, destroying and removing the germs and poisons of all micro-organisms that grow and draw their sustenance from the human skin, thereby discoloring and marring its beauty. I use this for my steam, and Pomeline white lanolin cold oil for refreshing, cleansing and bleaching and nourishing the skin. I use the best that M. D's and Specialists can make and recommend. Every person taking a massage or medicine treatment will be given a free hot air antiseptic inhaling treatment, endorsed as the best specialty as a germ and microbe destroyer. The great question of to-day is not so much the cure as the prevention of disease. You need have no fear of cholera if you try the TRIUMPH at C. STEDMAN FIERGE'S Toilet Parlors, 3 King Street East.



PROF. DAVIDSON, the Well-Known and Famous Chiropodist and Manicure

Has again established himself on King St. Those troubled with Corns, Bunions and Ingrowing Nails should call and see the professor at 49 King St. West, Room 7.

MDCCCXCII.

Our complete and unrivaled stock of clothes for Fall and Winter is now ready for the inspection of our customers and the public generally.

We will be pleased to put aside any choice pattern selected before the line is broken.

HENRY A. TAYLOR

No. 1 Rossin House Block

Toronto, Ont.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY

Will Sell ROUND TRIP TICKETS on

SEPT. 30 and OCT. 1, 1892

From TORONTO to

DETROIT	$4.00
CLEVELAND	6.50
SAGINAW, BAY CITY	7.00
GRAND RAPIDS	8 00
CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE, CINCINNATI	10.00

ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS or DULUTH

ACCORDING TO ROUTE $31.00 to 34.50

All tickets good to Return until October 17th.

CLEARING SALE

During the months of July and August **MISS HOLLAND** will be prepared to offer the balance of her **Fine Millinery Stock,** together with Flowers, Feathers, Ribbons, &c., at an undercost for **cash.**

MISS DUFFY'S Mantles, Wraps, Jackets, &c., are also reduced to half price, and ladies desiring travelling or boating **garments** should take **this opportunity** of replenishing their wardrobe at low cost.

112 Yonge Street, West Side

Two Doors South of Adelaide

ROYAL CROWN TABLE WATER

Godes-berger

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

Superior to any other table water.—Dr. Redwood.
A capital corrective to acidity.—Dr. Sutherland.
Its saline ingredients are normal.—Prof Wanklyn.

For Sale by All First class Wine Merchants, Hotels and Restaurants

Out of Town.

HAMILTON.

Mrs. J. M. Gibson gave a delightful afternoon tea on Tuesday. Those present were: Mesdames Hobson, Turner, Osborne, Malloch, Jones, Walker, Misses Logie, Osborne, Crerar, Turner, Watson and Briggs.

Miss Hyman of London is the guest of Mrs. Garrett, Hess street south.

Miss Douglas Bruce is one of the new arrivals from England, where she has spent the past two years finishing her studies.

Mr. T. H. MacPherson arrived home this week from a three months' trip in the Old Land.

On Thursday afternoon the residence of Mrs. Garrett was the scene of a brilliant gathering of the fair sex, who were received by Mrs. Garrett and her daughter and their charming guest, Miss Hyman of London. Mrs. Garrett was attired in a handsome gown of black velvet and white *faille*. Miss Garrett wore a very pretty house-gown of white *crepe* with gold galloon, and Miss Hyman wore a pretty black lace gown. Among the guests were: Mesdames Lottridge, Glassco, Walker, Hendrie, Jones, Gartshore, Sanford, Mackelcan, Dunlop, Charlton, Brooks, Woolverton, Calder, Turner, Mills, W. K. Mills, Greening, Harvey, Yates of Brantford and Findlay, Misses Sanford, Gartshore, Mills, Hutchison, Harvey, Leggat, Lottridge, Dunlop, Hendrie, Moore, Watson, Turner, Hobson, Martin, Robinson, Fair and Findlay. The table was prettily decorated with white and pink. The costumes worn on this charming autumn afternoon were *chic* and very artistic, and it would be very hard for me to describe the many gowns, as my time does not permit it. In the evening a few young people enjoyed an impromptu dance.

Mrs. Herbert Yates and Miss Fair of Brantford are the guests of Mrs. Herron of George street.

Senator and Miss Sanford left on Saturday for the North-West and British Columbia, and will visit a short time at the senator's ranch. They expect to be gone about six weeks.

Mrs. R. B. Skinner has returned home after a delightful summer spent in England, and has been quite restored to health.

Among those who arrived from the Beach are: Mr. and Mrs. R. Hills, Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Crerar, Mr. and Mrs. Mackelcan, Mr. and Mrs. Vallance, Mr. and Mrs. Worthington, Mr. and Mrs. Teetzel, Mr. and Mrs. Powis, Mr. and Mrs. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. E. Jackson Sanford. The season has been very bright at this charming spot, and many regrets are expressed at leave-taking.

Mrs. Prentice of Fairleigh Park entertained a few friends at afternoon tea on Tuesday afternoon, in honor of Miss Renwick of Port Hope.

Miss Queenie Crerar arrived home from England last Monday, and will be one of the charming *debutantes* this season.

Mrs. T. H. Stinson and her brother, Mr. R. K. Hope, returned from Cushen's Island this week, where the sea breezes have proved beneficial to Mrs. Stinson, who has recovered from her recent illness and is now quite convalescent.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Ramsay left for Boston on Monday evening, where they will spend two weeks.

Mrs. and Miss McGiverin left on Thursday evening for England, via New York, and will remain abroad for seven months.

Miss Chapman has returned from London, where she has been visiting for a few weeks.

The wedding of Mr. W. A. Logie, one of our popular young barristers, to Miss Wylie of Almonte, took place last week at the residence of the bride. They will reside in Hamilton, where the bride is well known and popular.

Mr. A. Gartshore left for Philadelphia to see the cricket match between Ireland and the Quaker City team. It is regretted very much here that the Gentlemen of Ireland did not play a match with our cricket team, but we live in hope of some future occasion.

Dr. Griffin has returned home from a continental tour and resumed his busy practice.

Miss Emily Ramsay leaves for a visit to Montreal this week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Ramsay and Miss Ramsay arrived from the continent on Monday, after a charming summer.

Mr. Henderson of Kingston is the guest of Mr. J. S. Hendrie, Hunter street. SYLVIA.

Misses E. & H. Johnston, 122 King street west, will hold their autumn opening on Tuesday and Wednesday, September 27 and 28. Their display of dress and millinery novelties is well worthy your inspection.

His Reputation

"I don't think"—began Howell Gibbon.

"So I have heard," quickly responded the cruel girl.

AMERICAN FAIR

191 and 334 Yonge St.

TORONTO

In our August Clearing Sale all goods are marked to capture those who buy a good thing when they see it.

Webster's Great Dictionary, $1 25. Well bound books, all good authors, 16c.; best of in bound, 19c. Paper cover books, all good authors, 7c.; regular price 25c. Dorè's Bible Gallery and other works, 95c. These last are Cassell's best edition.

Shawl straps in great variety, 10c., reduced from 25c. We will close a large consignment of beautiful Albums at less than cost of importation, and not one-half of usual cost. See them.

Boys' Safety Bicycles, 26, were $13, and with rubber tire $6, were $16. Boys' High Wheel, $5 50, were $7.50. Baby Carriages, $5 50, were $10. Hammocks, 50 per cent. of real value.

Handsome Croquet Sets, 64c., worth $1 25; Toilet Paper, full 1000 sheet package, 9c; Rolls, 10c.

An immense Display of Agate Ironware Teapots, 50c., worth $1 35; Preserving Kettles at half price; best Country and Gem Preserving Jars, pints, 88c.; quarts, 98c.; 2 quarts, $1 24.

Closing out a lot of beautiful Window Blinds, complete, 49c., worth $1 25. Purses, new designs and best French goods, at less than half usual price.

Store closes at 6 30 p.m., except Saturday evening, open until 10 30 p.m. Come and see.

W. H. BENTLEY

MEDICAL.

MASSAGE recommended for rheumatism, paralysis, insomnia, poor circulation, nervous troubles, stiff joints, etc. Endorsed by leading physicians. THOMAS COOK, 204 King Street West.

JOHN B. HALL, M.D., 326 and 328 Jarvis Street, HOMŒOPATHIST
Specialties—Diseases of Children and Nervous Diseases of Women. Office hours—11 to 12 a.m. and 4 to 6 p.m.

ANDERSON & BATES
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist
Telephone 3025. No. 5 College Street, Toronto.

DR. PALMER
40 College Street
Telephone 3190. 3rd Door from Yonge Street.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, 521 Queen St. West, between Portland and Bathurst Sts. No witnesses required. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence, 355 Bathurst St.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Court House, Adelaide Street
and 146 Carlton Street

Mason & Risch

LIST OF SPECIALTIES:

Decker, N.Y. Pianos

Sohmer, N.Y. Pianos

Transposing Pianos

Art Finished Pianos (Enamel, Satinwood, Etc.)

Vocalions

The Janko Key Board

Mason & Risch

32 King St. West

DENTISTRY.

DR. BOSANKO
DENTIST
45 King Street West, over Hooper's Drug Store.

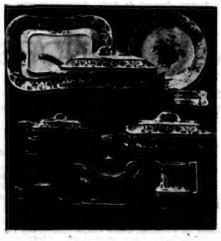
DR. A. F. WEBSTER, Dental Surgeon
Gold Medalist in Practical Dentistry R. C. D. S.
Office—N. E. cor. Yonge and Bloor, Toronto. Tel. 3868.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL
DR. FRANK E. CRYSLER
DENTIST
249 McCaul St., a few doors south of College
Telephone 2347.

M. W. SPARROW, L.D.S., Dental Surgeon
Central Dental Parlors
N. W. Cor. Spadina Avenue and Queen Street, Toronto.
Special attention paid to painless operating.

DRS. BALL & ZIEGLER (Successors to Dr. Hipkins). Rooms suite 23, Arcade, cor. Yonge and Gerrard Streets. Dr. Hipkins will be associated with his successors for a time. Hours 9 to 5. Tel. 2232.

CHINA HALL
(ESTABLISHED 1864)
Tel. 466. 49 King Street East, Toronto.
NEW DINNER SETS.



NEW BED-ROOM WARE
NEW TEA SETS
NEW GOODS OF ALL KINDS
GLOVER HARRISON ESTATE, IMPORTERS

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

BOYD—On September 7, the wife of Henry Ormsby Boyd, Calgary, N. W. T.—a son.
WALWICK—On September 21, the wife of C. E. Warwick, 63 Winchester street—a son.
GOLD—Sept. 11, Mrs. Wm. S. Gold—a daughter.
BENNETT—Sept. 18, Mrs. Arch. Bennett—a daughter.
BROWN—Sept. 15, Mrs. Charles J. Brown—a son.
WALKER—Sept. 3, Mrs. A. E. Walker—a son.
WOOD—Sept. 15, Mrs. E. R. Wood—a son.
HARGREAVES—Sept. 15, Mrs. Hargreaves—a daughter.
EDDIS—Sept. 15, Mrs. F. Eddis—a daughter.
FERGUSON—Sept. 11, Mrs. G. Ferguson—a daughter.
GREEN—Sept. 13, Mrs. W. Green—a daughter.
NICHOL—Sept. 9, Mrs. W. Nichol—a son.
BARNUM—Sept. 13, Mrs. J. L. Barnum—a son.
LLOYD—Sept. 11, Mrs. A. Lloyd—a daughter.
WILTSHIRE—Sept. 14, Mrs. H. Wiltshire—a son.
ANDERSON—Sept. 10, Mrs. Geo. Anderson—a daughter.
WARREN—Sept. 8, Mrs. Charles Warren—a daughter.

Marriages.

WATTS—LECKIE—Sept. 12, William Watts to Emily Leckie.
LOVE—LITLE—Sept. 14, Andrew Low to Maud Litle.
BINMORE—ROBERTSON—Sept. 13, Fredrick Binmore to Mary Bruce Robertson.
MOTT—GORDON—Sept. 20, Hon. H. Mott to Martha Gordon.
BALDWIN—GALBRAITH—Sept. 13, Cyrus Baldwin to Kate Galbraith.
JARRETT—STRICKLAND—Sept. 10, Thomas Jarrett to Ella May Strickland.
WHELAN—BALDWIN—Sept. 20, C. P. Whelan to Anna Baldwin.
MILBANK—LOUGH—Sept. 13, Rev. John Milbank to Julia Forbes Lough.
TURNBULL—CRAWFORD—Sept. 7, T. W. Turnbull to Margaret Crawford.
DRAYTON—GAWTHRA—Sept. 14, H. L. Drayton to Edith M. Gawthra.
HOLME—JACKSON—Sept 14, Eric Holme to S. M Jackson.
JARVIS—MEREDITH—Sept. 14, Ernest F. Jarvis to Elsie Colborne Meredith.
DILWORTH—TEIGH—Sept. 14, R. J. Dilworth to Nellie Teigh.
HILL—KIRKBRIDE—Sept. 14, Byron J. Hill to Annie Kirkbride.
CHASE—LITTLE—Sept. 13, Oscar Chase to Elizabeth Little.
FALCONER—WOOD—Sept. 15, George Falconer to Hattie Wood.
BOOTH—WHITEHEAD—Sept. 14, Frank Booth to Pricilla Whitehead.
JOHNSTON—ROSS—Sept. 14, James Johnston to Elizabeth Ross.
PRICE—TYNER—Sept. 14, Edward Price to Fannie Tyner.
BROWN—DAWSON—Sept. 14, W. J. Brown to Carrie A. Dawson.
BENSLEY—MAY—Sept. 12, R. Bensley to Carriella May.
PINEO—IRWIN—Clarence Pineo to Emma Irwin.
GREENE—POWELL—Sept. 20, Ambrose Greene to Annie Powell.

Deaths.

BATES—Sept. 20, J. S. Bates, aged 66.
HOSHAL—Sept. 15, Amanda Acheson Hoshal, aged 60.
CLARKE—Sept. 19, John Clarke, aged 76.
GARDINER—Sept. 20, Thomas Gardiner, aged 78.
ALLAN—Sept. 19, Lieut.-Col. Allan, aged 49.
MUSHAW—Sept. 18, Louisa Mushaw.
SHUMAN—Sept. 17, William Shuman, aged 84.
GREGG—Sept. 17, John Gregg, aged 15.
KENNEDY—Sept. 18 E. Jane Kennedy.
SEDGWICK—Sept. 17, Della A. Sedgwick, aged 52.
SHERIDAN—Sept. 18, Sarah Sheridan, aged 84.
BARLOW—Sept. 16, Walter Barlow, aged 48.
FERGUSON—Sept. 17, Amanda Ferguson.
LEECH—Sept. 17, John S. Leech.
DONALDSON—Sept. 15, W. Crossley Donaldson.
HAMMOND—Sept 15, Thomas Hammond, aged 51.
HUNGERFORD—Sept 13, Susan F. Hungerford.
CHUBB—Sept. 16, E. J. Chubb.
CUMMINGS—Sept. 14, Willoughby Cummings.
WALLACE—Sept. 13, Jane Wallace, aged 88.
LLOYD—Sept. 12, Marie E. Lloyd, aged 43.
MAUGHAN—Sept. 15, Herbert J. Maughan, aged 26.
HASTINGS—Sept., Maria L. Hastings, aged 76.
EDINGTON—Sept. 12, Agnes Edington, aged 51.

"Let never maiden think, however fair,
She is not fairer in new clothes than old."
—TENNYSON.

The fair maiden will find our stock of NEW CLOTHES in the Mantle Department, without exception, the best in the city.

$85,000 WORTH OF MANTLES

TO SELECT FROM

WE INVITE INSPECTION

R. WALKER & SONS

King Street East, Toronto

UNEXCELLED for hand use
Unequalled for machine.

Corticelli

SPOOL SILK

The longest, strongest and smoothest sewing silk made. Used and endorsed by the Management of the World's Columbian Fair.

HEINTZMAN & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

PIANOFORTES

GRAND SQUARE UPRIGHT

Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.

Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano.

SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

Warerooms: - - 117 King Street West, Toronto

Don't Fail TO PUT THE PARISIAN STEAM LAUNDRY On Your List—"Island" or City

Works, 67 to 71 Adelaide Street West
Branch Office, 93 Yonge Street 'Phone 1127

A choice selection of new designs in WHITE CHINA for decorating.

WEDDING GIFTS A SPECIALTY

WILLIAM JUNOR

Telephone 2171. 106 King Street West

MOTHERS
USE HOWARTH'S
Carminative Mixture

This medicine is superior to any other for Summer Complaint, Diarrhœa, Cramps, and Pain in the Stomach and Bowels, and any other disorder of the bowels of infants occasioned by teething or other causes. Gives rest and quiet nights to mothers and nurses. Prepared only by

S. HOWARTH - Druggist

243 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.
Established 1849. Telephone 1359

COAL - AND WOOD LOWEST PRICES

ELIAS ROGERS & CO.

J. YOUNG
THE LEADING UNDERTAKER
347 Yonge Street, Toronto
TELEPHONE 679.

BUY THE

Celebrated Lehigh Valley COAL

FROM THE

ONTARIO COAL CO.

GENERAL OFFICE: Esplanade, Foot of Church Street.
BRANCH OFFICES; 818 Yonge Street, 10 King Street East, Queen Street West and Subway, corner Bathurst Street and C. P. R'y.

PARK LIVERY
173 and 175 McCaul Street
Victorias, Coupes, etc. Fine Horses and Carriages, with careful Drivers in Livery.
TELEPHONE 133 W. J. MUNSHAW Prop.